HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE TIMES; OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THERE IS OFTEN A SLIP,
'TWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP."

THE alliances contemplated by the Countess Millars for her daughters, namely, that for the eldest, Lady Madeline, with Lord Wiltram, and for her youngest, the Lady Jane, with Lord Totter, made but little advancement; most of the principal characters being so engaged as to prevent their urging on the matter with that degree of expedition which generally characterises affairs of a similar nature, when Cupid lends his wings to the victims which he has wounded with his shafts.

This is not to be wondered at, as the alliances in question were matters of *expediency*, to adopt a somewhat modern term, and therefore might be urged on, delayed, postponed, or broken off altogether, as necessity might require, or as the circumstances of daily life might render judicious. They differed in fact but little from any other particular agreement, wherein a house, lands, a horse, a carriage, or a dog is to be transferred from one to another; the terms having been understood, the parties interested waited for the preparation of the necessary documents, which should be signed before a legal transfer could be made, prior to which, either might declare off if he pleased, his departure from his agreement exposing him only to some few remarks from some visionary friend as to the propriety of his breaking of promises, or to such compensation as might be, in the estimation of twelve of his fellow-countrymen, a reasonable return for the disappointment or losses which he might have caused.

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The propriety or impropriety of such proceedings is seldom considered material, and may be regarded in the same light as acts of a political nature, the moral turpitude of which is never to be taken into account.

The Countess Millars, although anxious for the marriages of her daughters, was too much occupied by her new appointment as one of the lady patronesses of Almack's, to do more than occasionally to give them an impetus sufficient to support their vitality, and prevent their passing into a state of hybernation, from which they might not possibly be easily aroused. This she accomplished by occasional *billets doux*, invitations, remarks &c., supported by the agency of her confidential adviser, Doctor Squill.

As Almack's was just opening for the season, she was obliged to devote a considerable portion of her time to preparing for its first ball. Being the junior lady patroness she was expected to attend to the most laborious part of the duties, which consisted in examining the names of the proposed subscribers, and either permitting them to remain on the list, or remove them from it. She was, herself, anxious to perform these duties satisfactorily; as upon her conduct on the present occasion depended much, the degree of influence which she should hereafter exercise upon the disposal of the fashionable world.

As might be expected, she had received numerous applications from her various personal friends, who were anxious to be admitted to this fashionable rendezvous; applications which, although contrary to the rules of the committee, are usually urged in a manner that may be understood, although not fully expressed.

George Spencer was particularly anxious that he and Mrs. Spencer should receive cards of admission, and was, therefore, most urgent in his applications on the subject. But as a direct appeal would be most probably fatal to his views, he was obliged to urge his suit through Doctor Squill, who was generally regarded as being in the confidence of the Countess Millars, and was known to be so by George Spencer, as certain transactions in the railway world had come to his knowledge, in which the Countess Millars was the principal, although Doctor Squill was the only person who appeared in the transaction.

What a favourable combination of events! George Spencer regarded "the thing as already done," and reckoned his

admission to Almack's as certain of accomplishment as a journey to Rockfield by his own railway, seated in a first-class carriage, propelled by a powerful locomotive, and protected by some half dozen second and third-class carriages filled with passengers in front and behind him, as a species of animated cushion, or natural buffer, to shield the railway potentate from injury.

But to make matters doubly sure, he had had recourse to that talismanic wand which he had hitherto found invariably successful in clearing his path of more powerful obstacles than those which now appeared to obstruct him;—He had put, as already stated, five-thousand pounds in the purse of the Countess Millars, he had given a hint to Doctor Squill, which the worthy agent immediately acted upon, and thus succeeded in realizing for his friend a sum of at least five-thousand pounds. It was not to be considered as a bribe, yet it was to have all the effect, and produce all the consequences of a direct douceur.

How admirable the delicacy, which, revolts from a bribe, and yet, will take rewards for services that have never been rendered; or will accept a douceur for services which are never expected to be performed; or will perform services that should never be enacted, and are unworthy of the hireling's share, who toils for his daily bread.

How exquisite the feeling displayed by him, who thus supported by others, spurns from him his brother of low degree, and recoils from the contact of the pauper pensioner of inferior rank. How exalted the minds of men who can reconcile to themselves the acceptance of the hard earnings of society, without making any return whatever.

To do Doctor Squill justice, he acted his part most admirably; that is, he fed the hopes of George Spencer, and gave him every encouragement; but in such a way as not to compromise his principal. He thus displayed a diplomatic tact, which is more prized in matters of greater moment than any other quality in an ambassador. Such an agent may do anything and everything; he may squander the money of his country in secret service; he may raise a disturbance in the capital of a country with which we are on the most friendly terms, he may insult its Ministers, or offend its Sovereign, having received instructions to do so, and his conduct will be approved of; but in so doing, he should never expose his instructions, or give up his authority for his acts; he should

in fact never compromise his principal, although he may compromise his principles as he pleases without sacrificing his character, as a diplomatist worthy of a great and powerful nation.

Those who were acquainted with the character of the Countess Millars, would easily believe that she did not give any direction to her agent, Doctor Squill, that could justify his promises or engagements to George Spencer; that is not probable, she was too experienced in the diplomacy of fashion to commit herself so far.

The Countess Millars had personally no objection to the admission of George Spencer to Almack's; he had been elected a member of Parliament, had been presented to the Court, entertained, and was entertained by many of the nobility and gentry, was possessed of considerable wealth, and although last, not least, had rendered her some essential services; she therefore, considered him entitled to such privileges at her hands, was anxious for cards of admission for him and Mrs. Spencer; but the senior lady patroness, the Duchess of Plotsden, having been consulted on the subject, had issued her veto, and had objected to him, as a *parvenu*, and unworthy of being admitted as an associate of the nobility and gentry. This decided the question, and George Spencer was condemned to suffer from the consequences of "hope deferred."

The Duchess of Plotsden was anxious of sustaining the character and position of the *modern* nobility of England, as she could boast of her descent from a natural child of Charles the Second, and could trace the history of her family as far back as the seventeenth century, and point to several honourable acts of her forefathers, in the service of their country, and the promotion of their own private interests. That she should entertain a dislike of, and apparent contempt for those of what she termed inferior descent, may well be imagined, as such feelings are usually most remarkable in those, who, whatever their own opinions may be, can boast only of a very questionable ancestry.

There is no more vain or more empty boast than that of a long line of ancestry of which its descendant is often unworthy; yet who can condemn the spirit that points to one amongst the heroes of Runnymede, or Agincourt, or Cressy, or Marston Moor, as the source from whence it sprung, and would emulate his example if necessary, in defence of his country's rights,

or vindication of his country's wrongs? It may be the language of poetry, but may it ever be the language of truth, that the "spirit of our forefathers still animates our breasts," or to adopt and adapt the language of the immortal Gray:—

"E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes lives their wonted fires."

Such a spirit will preserve us free: when it sinks beneath the foot of the oppressor, or the load of the task-master, or the false doctrines of political economists, or falls prostrate before the demon of the golden calf, we shall be—we are—slaves.

The whole affair was well arranged on the part of the Countess Millars and Doctor Squill, and added considerably to the diplomatic reputation of the former; as she pocketed five thousand pounds by the suggestion of George Spencer; whilst the worthy doctor had preyed with equal impunity, although not to an equal extent, on the honourable member, in the shape of sundry libations of old port, sparkling Champagne, and several excellent dinners.

George Spencer was doubly indignant at the treatment he had received: first, because he had been deceived; and secondly, by parties who resided at the west-end, and were not usually considered as equal to the speculator of the east-end, and especially to one who had already proved himself the most skilful of the skilled. He earnestly desired that an opportunity might offer itself, whereby he might give the Countess and her agent a Roland for their Oliver, and he exulted in the prospect of the day not being very far distant.

The numerous occupations in which Lord Wiltram was engaged, left him, also, but very little time to press his suit on the Lady Madeline. He was more than usually employed in political matters; the state of society was such as to leave little doubt on the minds of men that some mighty change was necessary, and would be attempted, if not accomplished, by the people. Although the surface appeared calm, the depths of the political ocan were agitated to an extent which indicated an approaching catastrophe, and which could not be mistaken by any but the most superficial, or the most callous observer.

The press of the country had been for many years exposing to the eyes of the people of Europe the abuses of their various forms of government, the extravagance of their governors, and the arrogance of those in high places. The seed was sown, the

corn was all but ripe, it wanted only an agent or an agency to put the sickle in the reaper's hand.

The people had long known the evils under which they laboured; they were now beginning to feel their effects. Food became scarce and dear, trade languished, and the cry of famine was heard over the length and breadth of the land. Rational men saw the danger; the more benevolent endeavoured to provide against the day of greater want which might appear, and urged upon the minister of the day the necessity of providing in time for the wants of the people; but he turned a deaf ear to their solicitations, and saw not—felt not—the privations of the suffering millions.

The corn was ripe, and it wanted but an agent to put the sickle in the hand of the reaper.

The ministers of Europe looked from their office-windows, and they saw only the smiling parks, and the green fields, and the blooming flowers,—they saw not the desert waste which bloomed beyond; they saw not the coming storm which already lowered in the horizon, and threatened to burst upon their devoted heads.

They had built a wall between Wealth and Poverty, had erected a barrier between Luxury and Want, had dug a chasm between the pampered son of fortune and the perishing child of want;—they forgot that the wall might be crossed or overturned, that the barrier might be surmounted, that the chasm might be filled—aye, with the bodies of their victims, and crossed by their avengers.

There was great Sagacity in all their measures, but there was no Humanity, and the Future would prove that there was therefore no Wisdom.

The calmness that reigned throughout was only apparent; the ripple on the surface denoted the agitation beneath; the calm foretold the approaching storm;—it was the calmness of death, the stillness of the grave: but the day of resurrection was drawing near.

The party of which Lord Wiltram was the leader, or rather, supporter, in the House of Commons, namely the Dissenters, were actively engaged in bringing their numerous grievances before the attention of the legislature. Although forming a large portion, and possessed of considerable wealth and intelligence, they found themselves excluded from the benefits of the State, which had been established by their common ancestors, but were now lavished on the favoured few, who rested

the priority of their claim, on the superiority of their prayers to the throne of Mercy, and sought to establish a monopoly in the kingdom of Heaven, as they had succeeded in forming one on Earth.

The applications of the Dissenters for a redress of their grievances had hitherto been in vain, as a powerful party existed in the Houses of Parliament, the members of which were warmly attached to the Church Establishment, and were equally devoted to the enjoyment of those secular advantages which were connected with it, and were reserved for its sincere followers. The Catholic body had been long since excluded from participation in these advantages—although originally established by members of that body—from the great apprehension entertained of the Roman Pontiff; but the Dissenters not having a Pope in their body, it was difficult to understand why they should also be excluded, except that the Establishment having got possession of the goods, was determined to keep them. Unfortunately for their cause, the Dissenters were a disunited body, and were thus deficient in that unity of action so essential to success. Divided into numerous sects, they were unable to make that impression on the legislature and the country, which would have resulted from a more combined action.

The less numerous, and therefore less influential, could make no impression of consequence; the more numerous were less energetic, and were accused of seeking an alliance with the Established Church, for the purpose of participating in its advantages, to the exclusion of their other brethren. It may be conceived, then, that although forming a majority of the nation, their endeavours were unsuccessful, and were resisted by the Establishment, without apprehension and without difficulty.

Still the dissenters were not dismayed: they were disappointed, but did not despair of success, and had again entered on the struggle afresh. Lord Wiltram was therefore more than usually occupied with their claims.

Other circumstances, but of a very different character, prevented the completion of the alliance between the Lady Jane Millars and Lord Totter.

Notwithstanding Doctor Squill's unwearying attendance, and his indefatiguable exertions to restore his patient to the degree of animation necessary to a votary of Cupid, Lord Totter progressed but slowly. A course of bark was tried, and perse-

vered in for some time, but was discontinued as some symptoms of the gout made their appearance; these were combatted by the usual remedies, when the lumbago again presented itself, and this was scarcely subdued, when the rheumatism gave indications of an attack. Doctor Squill's efforts in the good cause might be compared to those of an itinerant repairer of kitchen utensils, whose endeavours to close one aperture are rewarded by some half-dozen fresh ones in another quarter,—offering a vain pursuit to industry, and an excellent illustration of "a gentleman in difficulties."

To do Doctor Squill justice, it was not from a want of physic that Lord Totter was unable to pay his addresses to Lady Jane Millars; if medicines were efficacious, he had long since thrown himself at the feet of his adored one, regardless of the consequences of an attempt to rise again; but Cupid and Esculapius are not kindred spirits.

Occasionally, Lord Totter would rally sufficiently to shew some indications of returning strength and activity: he had, on several occasions, walked as far as the corner of the street and—back again; had paraded in Hyde Park three times on foot, and once on horseback; but these occasions were, like angel's visits, "few and far between," and bore no inconsiderable resemblance to the sunshine in April, soon followed by a shower.

One evening, having partaken of an extra glass of Madeira, he felt himself sufficiently strong to visit the opera, and proceeded to dress for the occasion; but the exertion was too much, notwithstanding that his valet put on every article of wearing apparel, settled his new French wig, tied his neck-cloth, fastened his straps, handed him his hat and cane, the noble Lord was unable to drive farther than the Regent Circus, and was compelled to return to his bed, and an attack of the gout.

Lord Totter in the hands of his valet on such occasions, strongly resembled one of the dummies used in tailors' shops; when undergoing a similar process, his lordship and the dummy presenting much about the same proportion of "passive resistance" to the efforts of the "artist."

But the course of *true love* never runs smooth.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

Although the discussion between the Bishop of Lambeth and Lord John Busvell was unpremeditated, neither of the

parties was altogether unprepared for it ; indeed the nature of their remarks would disclose that their minds had been previously directed to the subject, and that the possibility of a collision of sentiment and action was contemplated by them. Each had, doubtless calculated his strength, and was not unprepared for the conflict, although unwilling to commence it.

The position occupied by Lord John Busvell—that of prime minister—gave to him a degree of power and authority which could not be easily resisted, much less overcome, and which it was no longer doubtful he would exercise, to check the further encroachments of the Reverend Prelate, when called on to do so. This determination was the result of a close observation of the tactics pursued by the Bishop and his party for some time past, and of serious reflection as to their ultimate object, joined with a certain treading on his own corns, which the noble lord was anything but satisfied with. He was politician enough to know, that the existence of a sacerdotal power in the country, such as that sought to be established by his Right Reverend opponent, would be prejudicial to the liberties of the nation, and would be particularly injurious to his own administration. The existence of an *imperium in imperio* he felt assured should not be permitted, as such would be likely to become antagonistic to Government on those quarters upon which the secular and religious bodies so frequently meet, and seldom with friendly feelings.

He doubted not that he would be supported in his opposition to the Bishop, by a portion of the higher classes, and a large majority of the people. The former, he had reason to know, were divided in their opinions, many leaning to the side of the Church party ; but the nation were, as a body, in favour of the preponderance of the secular authority. The dissenters were directly opposed to the further encroachments of the Established Church, and many of the followers of the latter were equally hostile to the innovations proposed and the authority assumed by the heads of their Church. That dread of the papal power which had been enforced upon their minds, seemed to be transferred to their own clergy, and many feared that it was possible a power equally great, and equally obnoxious might be established in the country, although under a different name, and professing different doctrines.

Some attributed the hostility displayed by Lord John Busvell to the further encroachments of the Church, to his having been opposed in the appointment of some of his immediate

friends to some valuable offices in the Church which had lately fallen vacant, and to a jealousy which he felt towards the Bishop and his party, in consequence of the interest which they evidently possessed in certain high quarters. That the noble lord's self interest may have had some weight in the balance was not improbable, as the noble lord was never very distinguished for the possession of any remarkable degree of disinterested generosity. Few, in the present age, may be found to condemn him for thus acting up to the spirit of the times; as the principle of providing for ones's self seems to be generally acknowledged, and as generally acted upon. There can be little doubt that in a few years it will be looked upon as a portion of ministerial family duty not to be overlooked, and a branch of the public service not to be forgotten. The Age of Chivalry is gone, and with it has fled not only the many follies which it engendered, but also much of that spirit which it promoted, and which prompted its possessors to honourable deeds irrespective of gain, but which, as it cannot be measured by the yard, or weighed in the balance, or bought and sold on the Stock Exchange, has sunk into disfavour and disrepute.

Whatever may have urged him to the conflict, Lord John Busvell was prepared to do battle with the heads of the Church.

The Bishop of Lambeth was also ready to enter the field, although unwilling that the contest should be such as to attract public notice: he would prefer endeavouring to accomplish his objects by the working of that internal and extensive machinery which he had constructed, and was then in operation throughout the kingdom. It was thus he had, hitherto, been successful in almost all his past machinations, and thus he desired to contend for those he was now engaged in; but he could not choose his own battle-ground, nor the weapons he should like in the conflict.

He had not the nation to fall back upon to assist him. Circumstances had alienated from the clergy of the Church the affections of the people; the struggles between the various classes of society, which had continued for centuries past, and in which were involved the property entrusted to the Church for the benefit of the nation, had ceased; the upholders of despotism had been vanquished, and had retired from the field; their successors had sunk into private life, resolving to submit with silence, if not with satisfaction, to the expressed will of the majority of the nation, and to establish from their own

limited resources, institutions which might supply the place of, although they could not rival, those which they had lost.

The struggle had ceased; but who, it was asked, had benefitted by the victory? The property of the nation had been seized and applied to other sources than those for which they were originally intended, and for purposes not sanctioned either by the wills of the testators, or by the commonest principles of justice. The educational institutions of the country, originally founded for the instruction of all classes, without distinction, were appropriated to the education of the upper, and the favoured few of the middle classes; whilst a great portion of those revenues which were given to the maintenance of the poor, were taken possession of by the leading clergy of the Established Church, and reserved for their own personal aggrandisement and that of their families. The poor were literally "thrown on their resources," and left to the consequences which might be expected to result from a want of all that tends to raise mankind above the level of the beast.

The heads of the Church, grown wealthy, soon became indifferent to the wants of the people, or the advancement of religion, they were distinguished as millionaires, as leaders of fashions, as politicians, as, indeed, anything but what they should have been, and not only lost the affections of the nation, but even brought the principles of the religion which they professed into question.

The poor, thus deprived of their patrimony, and discarded by the Church, were thrown on the other classes of society, who felt the burden severely, and endeavoured by every means in their power to lessen its weight. The Church had thus been enriched at the expense of all parties.

The Bishop of Lambeth was wise enough to see this, and politic enough to take means to remedy it if possible. He had, therefore, been endeavouring to strengthen his hands by calling attention to some, at least, of the wants of the humbler classes, and had succeeded in establishing institutions for the maintenance of cleanliness amongst the poor.

He had also assisted in the formation of societies for the support and protection of some classes of the people: one for the protection of the distressed washerwomen of the metropolis had been founded under his auspices, and had received the support of the nobility and gentry. Educational institutions on a minor scale had also been established for the instruction of the very poorest classes.

It was a remarkable feature in these institutions that they were supported, not from the national property in the hands of the Church, but by general subscription. It is also to be observed that the schools so founded were named "Beggar Schools." To a superficial observer, this may appear of little moment, but to others, it bears the impress of the Spirit of the Age, which would treat poverty as a crime, and heap upon its victims all the indignity it was possible. The professed object of this was to excite an abhorrence of poverty in the minds of the lower classes, and so stimulate them to provide education and maintenance for themselves. This is the stimulus of necessity, and as often leads, in a multitude, to evil as to good, and has been, in its exercise, productive of the worst consequences.

That necessity will stimulate many individuals to great exertions, and will thus produce the best effects is not to be questioned; but in such cases the individuals are usually possessed of great energy, and a considerable share of talent, and most probably have received some education, but a nation which has been born in necessity,—whose cradle has been rocked by necessity,—which has been clothed, and housed by necessity,—and especially by necessity in the midst of luxury and wealth, will never present any fruits but those which may be expected to spring from perverted talent, and wasted or misdirected energy. They will either sink into the abject pauper, the mendicant imbecile, or the disaffected revolutionist. Why should they respect society? What cause have they to love their country and support its institutions? Will the slave forge the collar which encircles his neck? Will the felon rivet the fetters which enchain his limbs? Will the victim prepare the altar on which he is to be the sacrifice?

A nation urged on by necessity—ruled by necessity—will be either overpowered by necessity, or driven by necessity to despair and desperation.

If property have its duties as well as its rights,—and who will question that such is the case—in what, may it be asked, do these duties consist? Is it in providing for itself and neglecting others, or in the perversion of the powers which it possesses, to their abuse?

If we have our social as well as individual duties to discharge,—and who will deny that we have—let us ask ourselves what those duties are. Are they to preserve only the peace, the disturbance of which threatens our own safety? To increase the wealth of the country only that it may add to our own

resources? Or to extend its power and influence that it may reflect back on our authority with ten-fold strength? What is to be thought of that social state which is united only by the despotic authority of armed masses, in which the genial fetters which should bind man to man,—which should link the rich and the poor,—the learned and the uneducated,—the strong and the weak,—the favoured child of Fortune and the houseless child of Want together in one vast chain are rent asunder, and the galling links of a servile despotism engendered and purchased by gold are substituted for them?

The Bishop of Lambeth did not put himself too prominently forward in the establishment of these institutions mentioned; he followed a more judicious course, and urged on his measures through the instrumentality of his creatures. Of these, Lord Marsley was the most prominent. This nobleman was in every way fitted to the purposes of the ambitious prelate. His address, his manners, his education, his talents, his connexions were such as to receive respect, and almost command support. In the cause which he had undertaken he was enthusiastic,—almost Quixotic; he thus became an easy tool to a man of greater design and more interested motives. The interest which he had already taken, and the good which he had effected, established a prestige in his favour, which induced many to encourage and support his efforts. He imagined that he was the prime mover, but was in reality only the agent, the pendulum, which was "kept going" by means of the main-spring. Other agents, of less importance and weight were scattered through the metropolis and the country, who carried out the designs of the modern Wolsey in a less obtrusive manner; they were at the wheels, whilst Lord Marsley occupied the box: they pushed forward and carried into execution, amongst the recesses of society, the designs of the haughty Churchman; some of these were in the Church, some only of the Church; their effects were felt by individuals, and were judged of accordingly.

By these means, the Right Reverend Prelate sought to regain the attachment of at least a portion of the people, and so extend his ambitious views, without sacrificing any serious portion of the enormous income of which he was possessed. But his object was exposed by his simultaneous efforts to extend his authority; and few thinking men looked on his actions otherwise than as a means to an end—there was no singleness of mind or heart about him,—there was no singleness

of purpose in his acts. The good which they effected was approved; but it was too limited to be felt amongst the classes most in need of assistance, and too scanty, considering the resources at his disposal, to acquire for him that admiration and esteem which he sought to obtain.

But these were not the only resources on which the Bishop relied to sustain him in his approaching conflict: he possessed considerable influence in high quarters, which was further strengthened by the co-operation of one of his reverend brethren, whose attendance on certain exalted personages he considered would obtain him the ear and assistance of authority.

He expected also to receive support from abroad: a compact had been framed with one of the continental sovereigns, for the better security and further advancement of the Church; the form of service established in that state being similar to that which the Bishop had all but succeeded in introducing into his own. The Reverend Prelate was not, therefore, so unprepared for the coming conflict as many would have supposed: if certain circumstances which still lay enshrouded in the abyss of Time were evolved favourably to his views, he should succeed; if not he would most probably fail;—but as these were beyond his reach, he prepared himself to "do battle," and "abide the issue." He thought that the time was come when he might venture to put forth his strength; the surface was calm and smooth,—*but a current flowed on beneath, which he saw not—felt not—for the present.*

OUR FIRST-FLOOR LODGER.

By Alfred Robinson.

"Apartments Furnished," were the words to be seen on a neat glazed card in the window of a very neat little house—with a neat little bit of garden in front of it—which might have been found in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, some few years ago. The exterior of this dwelling presented nothing remarkable about it—except the notification alluded to, the appointments being in every way suited to the size and convenience of the house; the parlor windows were supplied with

very neat venetian blinds, whilst the first-floor ditto were dignified with a damask curtain on one side, and a muslin companion on the other—an arrangement which was economically intended to appear seasonable at all seasons. The three or four steps leading to the door, were unexceptionably white; whilst the door itself was decorated with a small brass plate, —on which the little word "BINKS" was emblazoned—which was kept so scrupulously clean that the paint for an inch all round was rubbed off, leaving a white margin as a lasting testimonial of the industry of the maid of all-work.

And there was something in the appearance of Mrs. Binks, the proprietress of this concern, which corresponded with the primness that seemed to characterize the establishment. She had a sharp, shrewd little face—which generally had a good-natured smile upon it,—and always had a very great deal to say upon whatever subject she discoursed, without at all times being particularly well acquainted with it. Mrs. Binks had had what she called "a hard life of it," having lost her husband a few years after their marriage, and being left with two daughters to maintain,—and to her honour let this be said. Perhaps this might account for the furrows which impressed each cheek, notwithstanding the good-natured smile which ever and anon attempted to tighten them out; for the worthy widow had her moments of care although blest with good spirits.

It was said that the late husband of Mrs. Binks had been a captain in the army, and this surmise no doubt arose from the fact of that lady occasionally calling herself "Mrs. Captain Binks;" but an amiable individual who had known the family for years, (but had quarrelled with them for not returning an umbrella) was in the habit of stating in public whenever she had an opportunity, that the deceased gentleman was the commander of a Sunderland collier, which constituted Mrs. Binks' whole right to the title. But perhaps this dark insinuation of Mrs. Wiggins is more or less wanting in proof, owing to the mysterious affair of the Binks's umbrella, which certainly was never heard of.

But be this as it may, Mrs. Captain Binks was a well-meaning and thrifty woman, and strove so far as her woman's nature would let her, to mind her own business, although as a matter of course she felt bound to acquaint herself fully with the affairs of her neighbours, whenever opportunities for so doing occurred. She looked upon that, in the light of a duty

to herself and family. The widow's eldest daughter, Sarah Anne, was the very prototype of her mother. Her sister, Mary Jane, two years younger, possessed all the family peculiarities in miniature, wanting only the schooling of another year or two to complete her initiation into the mysteries of housekeeping, and the letting of furnished apartments with attendance—which was the profession adopted by the captain's lady as a means of maintenance for herself and family, although as a matter of course she assumed the dignity of an independent person.

Mrs. Binks had hitherto been successful in obtaining respectable lodgers, and the position of the house as a west-end residence enabled her to be somewhat select in the occupants of the apartments. The house was her own, it having been the property of the late captain. Thus, the worthy widow, by strict economy, and attention to the comforts of those about her, had managed to pay her way—notwithstanding the diabolical insinuations occasionally uttered by Mrs. Wiggins to the contrary.

As a general principle, the widow preferred single men lodgers. They paid just as much rent as—and gave much less trouble than—people who brought their wives, and had two or three ill-behaved "childring" running up and down stairs all day long and calling the maid of all-work all sorts of names. It is true that Mrs. Binks would admit in discussing with what she termed her "buzzum friends," that young men lodgers were apt to keep out late of a night, and generally playing the cornopean very much when at home; still young men will be young men, and Sarah Anne, or Mary Jane, or both together, did not mind sitting up once in a way. And then, they were generally *so* amiable, never showing the least want of confidence by turning the key of the tea-caddy—though perhaps there was very little of anything in it,—nor yet upon any occasion locking their drawers, although they contained nothing else but old clothes, the more valuable portions of the wardrobe being kept in a large trunk "out of the dust," the key of which, the young men lodgers generally carried in their pockets. It was true the tobacco-smoke hung about the curtains a good deal, and it was not everybody who liked to hear "Rule Britannia" on the cornopean at twelve o'clock at night; still, taking all things into consideration, single men lodgers were, in Mrs. Binks' opinion, most suited to her disposition, and she preferred them infinitely to married people,

who always had so many foolish fancies, and "put themselves out" about such *very* little trifles.

One evening the whole house was in a bustle. The sprightly widow was giving numberless orders to her daughters, and the maid of all-work had washed the door-steps till they looked as white as alabaster, and had nearly rubbed the name out of the brass plate. There was no end of scrubbing, and sweeping, and brushing and washing, and running up and down stairs, and screaming from one landing to the other,—the new first-floor lodger's coach was at the door!

The tremendous rap of the coachman—for hackney-coaches were then in vogue—seemed to throw the whole establishment into a state of excitement bordering on distraction. Miss Sarah Anne Binks ran down stairs with all her might, whilst her sister ran up; the maid of all-work who had just completed the interesting operation of "cleaning herself," threw up the attic window, and nearly overbalanced herself in trying to look over the parapet; and on seeing the vehicle at the door, forthwith slipped down stairs with amazing velocity, until she came in contact with Miss Mary Jane, after which concussion there was a good deal of putting-up of hair, and adjusting of caps, accompanied apparently with great difficulty of breathing. Meanwhile, Mrs. Captain Binks took her station at the bottom of the stairs, with all the dignity of a landlady who knew her position, and was not ashamed of it, until the door was opened.

The new lodger had arrived; a tall, military-looking gentleman, with a pair of moustachios, a hair trunk, a carpet-bag, leathern hat-case and portmanteau. Mrs. Binks dropped a dignified courtesy in acknowledgement of the new lodger's most aristocratic smile,—whilst the girls, who had crammed themselves into the back parlour, leaving the door ajar for the purpose of making a survey, pronounced him to be a perfect gentleman in every respect. The formation of this opinion had perhaps been somewhat enhanced by the very high respectability of the military-looking gentleman's reference, who, though not at home when applied to by the cautious Mrs. Binks, subsequently wrote a most flattering encomium on the military-looking gentleman's honour. He—the reference, who was a Polish nobleman, by name Count Bowowowski—had served in the army with his friend Tom Jenkins, and knew his highly honourable family well. Under these circumstances, Captain Jenkins—for that was the name on the card

which was nailed to the hair trunk of the new lodger,—made an impression not altogether unfavourable, on the minds of the worthy widow and her daughters, more especially as he thought he distinctly remembered the name of Binks in connection with the Army List.

As a first-floor lodger, of course the Captain received the greatest attention at the hand of Mrs. Binks and her agreeable daughters, particularly as he had soon found occasion to complain of the maid of all-work, who never answered his bell, and made his tea when the water did'nt boil. Now, as this negligent handmaid received five pounds a-year and found her tea and sugar, and was constantly fastening the second-floor's dress, (for the second floor was a middle aged lady with a small income) she was of necessity somewhat behind in her attentions to the Captain, who desired, as a particular favour, that "one of the young ladies" might wait on him. This, of course as a particular favour, was granted, the Captain being duly informed that neither of the sisters were in the habit of waiting upon the lodgers, but under existing circumstances they would oblige him.

Thus matters went on for some time. Captain Jenkins possessing apparently many amiable qualities, the sisters found him an agreeable person to wait upon,—the labour being lightened by the extreme urbanity of the Captain; so that it really almost became a matter of dispute between the Misses Binks, as to who should be in attendance upon him.

From the Captain's conversation he had evidently seen a good deal of the world. His regiment—the Fuzbottom Fencibles—it appeared, had seen some active service abroad, for the Captain had with his own hand cut off the tails of fifteen Chinamen; whilst his friend, the valiant Count Bowowowski, had killed enough to people a small island. And then, the Captain played the flute *so* beautifully! indeed the gallant gentleman's accomplishments, together with his apparent good-nature and general suavity, procured for him the admiration of all, but more especially that of Sarah Anne Binks, whose constant attendance upon him gave her the advantage, as she considered, of more narrowly examining the various points in his character. Captain Jenkins too, generally had a smile and a pleasant word for the gentle Anne, which did not serve to decrease that young lady's good opinion. And somehow or other Miss Binks—for Sarah Anne it will be remembered was the eldest—did not seem so anxious to be looking over the

blinds about ten o'clock in the morning, to see the bankers' clerks go by to their counting-houses, although this was an occupation in which she had hitherto taken great pleasure. No!—a "change came o'er the spirit of her dream," for instead of bankers' clerks nodding and laughing and winking, she dreamt of moustachios and flutes, whose seraphic sounds seemed like a lullaby to her gentle spirit.

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"Well Tom," said Count Bowowowski to the the individual already known to the reader as Captain Jenkins, one evening as they sat together inhaling the fragrance of the Indian weed, "how does the plot work?"

"Well, I think we shall do presently," replied the other, applying a light to his cigar; but I shall have a deep game to play. Ha! ha! Mrs. B. knows a thing or two though. But joking apart, Sarah Anne's a very nice girl, and I'm rather sorry."

"Tut, tut man, this is no time for fooling—you must be in earnest," said the Count somewhat sharply, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

"Well, what do you advise?" asked Jenkins.

"Advise! why you must make fierce love to one or the other; perhaps you had better take your 'Sarah Anne' as you call her, and I think I can manage the widow. Suppose you pop *for* the daughter *to* the *mother ?* " said the Count.

"And you can manage the widow?" inquired Jenkins.

"Trust me for an old stager, sir!—nothing easier in the world;—make her a confidant, and tell her you value her for her experience, and all that sort of thing, and she'll fall into the trap. Ha! ha! all fair in love and war they say!" and here the Count laughed till the smoke got into his throat and well nigh choked him.

"Well, well, just as you like. You're right about the the plate," observed Captain Jenkins.

"Oh yes," replied the other, "I've had my eye upon it for the last six months. The old lady treasures it as she does herself, and I'm sure it wonld fetch more at a fair valuation."

Here both the worthies laughed heartily.

"I tell you," said the Count, softening his voice down to a whisper, "that the widow's family plate's worth a cool hundred at all events. About three weeks before you went there, I called in green spectacles and a Spanish cloak, and spoke

broken English. I asked them if they had very good silver if one happened to have a friend to dine, and the talkative old lady let out that she had some, but only brought it out on family occasions."

"More fool she, to tell you so!" ejaculated the captain.

"However," rejoined the Count, throwing the remains of his cigar into the fireplace, "propose a dinner upon the occasion, and leave the rest to me."

Shaking hands most cordially, the Count and his friend parted company.

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One morning, when Captain Jenkins knew the Misses Binks were out, he requested the favour of a few minutes' private conversation with the widow, as he met her on the stairs.

Now, Mrs. Binks was a woman who had seen a good deal of the world. Of the kind of life she led with the late Captain nothing precisely is known, and any allusion made to the estimable departed always occasioned such apparent distress to the tender feelings of Mrs. Binks, that it was impossible to gain any definite information touching the deceased; but, from all accounts, he seemed a worthy individual, and seemed to have been an easy good-natured man, and much respected by his relict. Mrs. Binks was, in an educational point of view, "one of the old school;" her talents having been devoted exclusively to domestic matters. Her pies and puddings were remarkable all over the neighbourhood; indeed, at the time of which we write, she was a kind of referee in matters of culinary dispute or difficulty among her neighbours. In the days of Mrs. Binks' youth, Berlin wool and crochet were not dreamt of; and instead of polkas and mazurkas, the good old country-dance —down the middle and up again—was all that the young ladies of that day were expected to know. French and German had been heard of, but the idea of putting them into the mouths of civilised people had never occurred to any-body; for the majority of young ladies were generally unacquainted with English, elegance of diction not being considered essential to the education of the softer sex.

Mrs. Binks, then, as might be expected, had no advantage over the generality of ladies in her station of life: she knew but little of English, and less of French and German; but she could make a pudding or darn a stocking with any lady in the land—"though she said it as shouldn't." She left music for

those who got their living by it, as she did not like the idea of taking the bread out of other people's mouths. Her acquaintance with the mysteries of arithmetic was just enough for all practical purposes: her knowledge of multiplication was placed beyond doubt by the evidence of her lodger's bills; whilst the examination of their tea-caddies would, at any time, prove that she was acquainted with subtraction.

The announcement of her first-floor lodger that he wished a few moments' coversation with her, had put the worthy widow into a state of great excitement. Hastening into her chamber, she adjusted her cap, put on her curls—for they were portable, gentle reader,—and hied her to the captain's apartment, not without some inward fears that he was about to give her warning, more especially, as the quarter was just up, and their arrangements were for quarterly payments.

"Take a seat, Mrs. Binks," said the captain, rising as the widow entered, and beckoning to a chair; "I have taken an opportunity of speaking to you on a matter of some importance to us both."

"Very good, sir," said the widow earnestly, "I hope there's nothing unpleasant, Capting Jenkins—"

"Oh dear no, my dear Mrs. Binks—I can assure you, nothing of the kind," replied the first-floor lodger, "on the contrary, I hope it will be a matter of interest at all events, if not of pleasure, to you; I hope—in short, its an *affaire de cœur*—you understand me."

"Excuse me, Capting Jenkins, replied the widow, drawing herself up somewhat with an air of offended dignity, "in my time people didn't talk Latin."

"Oh—ah—I see—I really beg your pardon," said the captain, smiling, "but—in fact, it is a matter in which my own feelings are so very intimately concerned, that I felt it my duty to make you acquainted, as a party interested. In a word, Mrs. Binks, I'm in love!"

"La, capting!" exclaimed the widow, her countenance relaxing into a simpering smile, while she played with the corner of her apron, and hung her head down.

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Binks," said the captain drawing his chair closer to the blushing widow, "when a man's heart is labouring under the burden of untold love—"

"I'm sure, Capting Jenkins, I don't think I ever did anything—or ever said anything—or ever thought anything—" and here the widow put her kerchief to her eyes.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Binks—I hope you don't think I meant to pain you? Upon my honour, madam, as a gentleman, I would suffer any punishment, however severe, rather than inflict a pang on a person for whom, I assure you, Mrs. Binks, I entertain the very highest respect,"

"La, capting! you don't mean it? I'm sure I've always tried to do my duty by you, and as my poor dear husband used to say—'Bella,' says he, 'Bella, when I'm gone I hope you'll get a better husband than I've been, for you deserve one, old girl, you do'—and as I was going to say, capting—"

"Yes, Mrs. Binks, but to the point. The fact is this, I have, of late, contracted an inordinate amount of affection for a being, I fear, far too good for me!"

"How flattering you are, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Binks, taking the compliment as applied to herself.

The thought immediately struck Captain Jenkins, that the widow had been supposing herself the object of his attentions, and as this was no part of his plan, he at once undeceived her.

"Excuse me, my dear Mrs. Binks—I allude to—to your lovely daughter—"

The widow drew herself up in a most stately manner, and gravely enquired—

"Well, Capting Jenkins, and what of my daughter?"

"Merely, madam, that she has, of late, been the sole object of my admiration; and I hope my attentions—indeed, I know, they have not been altogether thrown away upon her," earnestly responded the captain.

The countenance of Mrs. Binks underwent a complete change. The Captain saw it:—

"As for youself, Mrs. Binks, I know that, at this moment, you alone engross the whole of my friend, the Count's attention, although he has not yet had the courage to declare himself, owing to his natural timidity."

"Anything, Capting Jenkins, that you or your friend may have to say on any subject," observed Mrs. Binks in a most dignified manner, "perhaps with regard to myself, the Count himself would be the proper person—"

"Certainly, ma'am, certainly!" exclaimed the captain, "it is only the natural timidity of a delicate mind on the Count's part: but what of Sarah Anne—am I to plead in vain?" he enquired with apparent earnestness.

"Well, Capting, provided your intentions are honourable, I must leave Sarah Anne to judge for herself. I've never seen

anything to find fault with, as regards yourself, and the Count I'm sure seems a very nice gentleman."

Oh! he's a noble-hearted fellow, I pledge my word, Mrs. Binks; and I shall only be too delighted to find you not opposed to his attentions, for he's one in a thousand!"

The next day the Count had a private interview with the widow. What took place it would be unnecessary, as well as perhaps unfair to disclose.

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Such a bustle at the Binkses! Mrs. Binks is going to be married to a count, and Miss Sarah Anne is engaged to a captain! The Count, in order to be near his intended, takes a lodging in the next street, where he intends to give a dinner to all the Binkses and their friends. The neighbourhood is all alive about it. The Binkses are going from house to house, receiving the congratulations of everybody, and the Count gives a general invitation to everybody. Even the mortal enmity which had hitherto existed between the Wigginses and the Binkses is forgotten, and an unreserved invitation is given to the whole family, and the loan of their family plate requested for the occasion.

For a week previous to the entertainment, Mary the maid of all-work, and Sarah Anne and Mary Jane Binks are busily employed in cleaning *their* family plate—for there was a great quantity of massive silver—old-fashioned, richly-chased, and curiously-engraved salvers, wine-coolers, &c., the property and pride of the late Captain Binks, on which great store was set by his widow. Having been polished with the greatest care, these valuable materials were all conveyed to the Count's new lodging, which was a large front room every way superior to the Binkses', and much more conveniently adapted for the entertainment of a large party.

The table was laid out ready for the reception of the viands, the day before the entertainment, by particular desire of the attentive Count, who had determined to spare no expense in giving what he called a good "spread."

With what a fluttering bosom did the worthy Mrs. Binks betake herself to her couch the night before the occasion on which she was to appear publicly as an intended Countess, whilst Sarah Anne was already, in her mind's eye, presented at Court!

To-morrow came, but neither the Count nor his friend, who had passed the night with him in order to complete some arrange-

ments, made their appearance at the Binkses. The day passed, and yet they came not. Fearing lest they should be ill, the maid of all-work was despatched to make enquiries. They had not been seen since the previous evening, when they returned home late in a cab, and went out again. An entrance to the apartment where the dinner was laid out could not be effected, as the door was locked.

What could be the cause of this? The door was forced—the table was found stripped of all the costly adornments afforded by the united generosity of the Wigginses and the Binkses.

The family plate had most mysteriously disappeared; and strange to narrate, neither the Count Bowowowski or Captain Jenkins of the Fuzbottom Fencibles have ever since been heard of. The sight of a Polish Count would be the death of the worthy Mrs. Binks, and Sarah Anne has a horror of moustachios and flutes. Indeed, they soon after left the neighbourhood, for the neighbours were rather disagreeable in some respects—particularly Mrs. Wiggins, who, as a matter of course, never recovered her spoons and silver waiters.

All the dead walls and temporary boardings in the neighbourhood were profusely plastered with bills describing the persons of Count Bowowowski and his friend Captain Jenkins, and the costly nature of the property they were supposed to have mistaken for their own, and appropriated accordingly. The only clue that was ever discovered was afforded by a gentleman in a Spanish cloak and green spectacles, who called one day, and told Mrs. Binks, in broken English, that he thought he knew something of the fugitives, which information he would be happy to afford on the payment of the trifling sum of ten pounds down; an arrangement Mrs. Binks declined to enter into, on which the gentleman in the Spanish cloak and green spectacles bowed himself out and disappeared before the aid of the authorities could be obtained.

It is due to the widow to state, that she has since been very particular in making enquiries as to the respectability of her tenants, and has made up her mind that it was a most merciful thing for herself and Sarah Anne that they did not become the blushing brides of the Count, and his friend,

THE FIRST-FLOOR LODGER.

"I'LL WEEP FOR THEE."

By Elizabeth Robinson.

I'll weep for thee, when twilight's gleam
Sheds its faint ray across the stream;
When every sound is hushed and still,
From ocean's roar to rip'ling rill.
Though every eye in slumber be,
Mine shall awake to weep for thee!

I'll weep for thee at matins' song,
Such tears to purest love belong;
I'll weep for thee at evening prayer—
Sweet breathings of the soul are there!
Faith's adoration—Hope's delight—
The Christian's ecstacy and right!
And as on wings of Joy they flee,
Still will I weep, dear love, for thee!

I'll weep for thee at noontide hour,
When every rich and fragant flower
Yields to the bee its honied food,
And Nature teems with every good,
And far my heart, from mirth and glee,
I find it well to weep for thee!

THE DEATH WALK.

A SCRAP FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A MEDICAL MAN.

It was the very last night of the month of December, 18—, that I was summoned to attend a poor man in the parish of ——, five miles from my residence in L——, a small town on the southern coast of England. The prevalence of a severe epidemic, at that time, in the town and surrounding villages, had imposed more than ordinary duties on all the neighbouring medical men, and more especially on those on whom the offices of the parish surgeon devolved. I was one of them; and it

was after a hard day's labour in the saddle as well as on foot, that I received the summons I have mentioned, just as I had thrown off my wet and muddy boots, and substituted the warm carpet slippers which my affectionate spouse had providently placed inside the fender some half-hour before. A very suspicious knock at the door of a country doctor at eleven o'clock at night is always a matter of more or less interest to him; and as it was a most tempestuous night, it was with no small amount of anxiety that I attempted to overhear the conversation which took place when the door was opened.

"Arrah! is the docthor widin?" said a voice tinctured strongly with the Hibernian accent.

"Do you want him!" enquired my man-servant somewhat cautiously, for he knew that a country journey at that time of night would involve his sitting up till my return.

"Do I want him, is it?" replied the visitor in a tone of voice strongly indicative of complaint at the unreasonableness of the question; "and d'ye think I'd be a comin' five miles out such an agreeable aivenin' as this same, when it's raining so hard I'll have to carry me cap in me pocket to kape it from gettin' wet, and walk in me birth-day stockins', bekase d'ye see wet boots is unpleasant! and that when I didn't want to see the docthor! P'r'aps now while we're talkin' the soul of poor Terry Donovan's runnin' away from the body of him! och hone!"

The conclusion of the Hibernian's observation induced my servant to acquaint me with the object of his visit. I interrogated him as to the nature of his errand.

"Well, my good fellow, what now?" I enquired of the poor man, who was thoroughly soaked with rain.

"God bless yer' 'onour!" ejaculated Pat, catching hold of his hair and seemingly pulling down his head by it, "'an it's Terry Donovan, docthor darlin', that's lyin' like to die at the hut by the farm at ——, and it's yerself I'm hopin' will make haste, or it'll be too late, for the wife tould me he was dead before I started!"

"Dead!" I exclaimed, "then, my good fellow, I shall be of no use to him."

"But maybe yer' 'onour 'll come and see," suggested Pat, observeing the little discrepancies in his statement. "Sure, an' p'r'aps the misses made a mistake, for she ran about like a wild woman—'Pat,' says she, 'put on my bonnet and go for the docthor,' says she, 'and put yer' best foot foremost,' says she, 'or it's no use, for Terry's just dead!' and so, yer'

'onour, I never stopped to see,—but came across the fields, as quick as I could."

Observing that there was something earnest in the man's manner, I ordered my horse to be saddled at once, and despatching Pat with an assurance that I should soon overtake him, I somewhat unwillingly struggled into my Macintosh leggings, and prepared for the journey, which presented every prospect of being an exceedingly disagreeable one.

And here I shall pause to animadvert upon a very numerous family of grievances which medical men suffer almost every day of their lives,—a grievance which I am confident meets with no parallel in any other profession, vocation, or trade. It is that of the *right* which the "liberal and discerning" public assumes to itself of having the services of the surgeon gratuitously upon cases of emergency. If any medical man, when called upon for that assistance, the rendering of which constitutes his means of obtaining subsistence, should presume to intimate that he must be paid,—that his time, and skill, and physic, which he is expected to supply, are his stock-in-trade, which he purchases at great cost of toil and expense, and that as a matter of course, in justice to those depending on his exertions, he is not justified in giving them gratuitously, he is forthwith accused of inhumanity and want of feeling. Would any butcher, if called upon in the middle of the night to cut a mutton chop and take it five miles off to some poor wretch who was represented to be starving, but who had not the least claim upon him, be at all likely to comply with such a request, more particularly when he *knew* that he would not be paid for it? Or, would any baker, if roused from his slumbers in the very same manner to supply bread on a similar occasion, be persuaded for the sake of "humanity" to do so? Few, very few—I do not say there would be none,—would entertain such a proposal with gravity; but, yet such men, if empanelled on a jury to investigate circumstances of death where a medical man had refused to give his time, and skill, and medicaments, without remuneration,—such men would be the first to cry "shame!" on any unfortunate wight who should be unreasonable enough to expect payment for his services! If medical men practised their professions for the humanity of the thing, or were remunerated on the principle by which the clergy are supported (though perhaps a little more liberally, by the way), I grant the case would be different.

These observations have been called forward from the fact

of the case I am about to relate being one of the character I have alluded to. Here was I, called almost in the middle of a most tempestuous night, obliged to provide myself a horse, pay toll-gates, and expose myself to all the casualties of wind and weather, to render whatever professional services were necessary, to a person who had not the slightest claim upon me individually.

I have said it was a tempestuous night: in every strict sense of the word it was so. A very cold December wind was howling among the leafless trees most dismally,—banging the creaking doors of neglected out-houses with a sort of crazy wildness,—whistling through the key-holes and smaller crevices, and yelling through the larger ones, with a kind of fiendish delight, as if there was some sort of pleasure in making everything and everybody cold and uncomfortable. The rain, too, in obedience to the force of the blast, came down in large drops with most unmerciful violence; so that almost before I had left the lights of the town to plunge into what seemed, from the contrast, to be a dark abyss before me, my face was completely numbed, partly by the coldness of the wind, and partly by the force with which every large cold drop of rain burst into a thousand little ones upon my face. This state of things did not seem to be a whit more agreeable to my horse than to his master. He was a sturdy little roadster, well used to all kinds of bad weather; but here it will be conceded that a journey of five miles on such a night as this is a difficult thing to get accustomed to.

The road I had to travel, as if forming a part of the complicated miseries of the night, was anything but a pleasant one even in the broad daylight. It was necessary for me to ascend one of those huge hills which the traveller in the southern part of England is well acquainted with,—for the village I had to visit was separated from the town of —— by a ridge of these mountanious elevations. The only means of gaining the ascent was by following a narrow bridle-track visible only from the fact of the soil being of a chalky nature,—the only guide for the traveller, who would be irrevocably lost if he neglected to avail himself of this kindly help. The path was situated at the very edge of an immense precipice, formed doubtless by one of those unaccountable convulsions of nature of which we hear; so that a false step would, of necessity, have been fatal to man or beast. As the rising hill somewhat sheltered me from the violence of the storm, I dismounted and led my horse, believing it to be the only safe means of gaining the hill.

The little village in which my patient was to be found, simply consisted of a few huts tenanted by the labourers employed on an adjacent farm. These habitations were principally constructed of wood, the roof being strongly thatched with coarse straw; they consisted of four rooms—not unfrequently only two—the upper communicating with the lower not by means of stairs, but wooden steps raised almost perpendicularly from the ground, which entered by means of a large opening in the floor of the upper and roof of the lower apartments. In cases where there were but two rooms, of course this elegant appendage was dispensed with, the whole of the establishment being then comprehended in the ground-floor. As the repairing of these habitations, in the case of wear and tear, was left to the ingenuity and industry of the tenant—who was expected to devote his leisure time to the security of his own domicile—there was accordingly a great deal of difference in the amount of comfort to be met with, in proportion to the kind of persons inhabiting them.

After an hour's ride I reached the little clump of cottages constituting the village of————, which I could only recognise by the lights, which ever and anon seemed to be in a state of disquietude, appearing for a moment in one place, and then suddenly becoming lost for an instant, till they twinkled in another.

My messenger, Pat, had by some means forestalled me, for when I rode up to the hut in which I had observed the lights, I found him waiting to take my horse. I can only suppose that he had shortened his journey by crossing the fields, whilst I had been compelled to follow the road

"Och hone!" exclaimed the Irishman seizing my bridle, —"och hone! but yer' 'onour's worship's too late!" he continued in a wailing tone of voice.

"Too late!" I ejaculated. "Well, I came as fast as the way, and the wind, and the rain would let me; but is the patient—"

"Gone yer' 'onour, dead gone! Poor Terry! but paice to his soul, for he was a man every inch of him!"

Without waiting for further parley, I leaped out of the saddle, and running up the little garden which led to the cottage, I gained admission by pulling a long piece of string, which had the effect of raising a little latch of wood inside the door, which secured it by falling on a sort of wooden hasp.

On entering, I observed several of the labourers (who occupied the neighbouring cottages) seated about the room, vacantly gazing upon the fire; a woman was rocking herself to and fro on a large wooden chair, and yielding to an outburst of grief, which manifested itself by the utterance of the most frantic yells, apparently in Irish, for I could only understand their meaning by the manner of the unfortunate female who thus gave way to the acuteness of her mental agony.

There was a large wood fire blazing in the fire-place, whilst the chimney-corner was filled up by two chairs, one of which was occupied by an elderly-looking man, with a bald head, dressed in a sombre suit of black, who was perusing some small volume intently. On my appearance this gentleman politely rose, and smilingly offering his hand, informed me in a few words that he was a Catholic clergyman, living some little distance off, and had been summoned that evening to the dying bed of poor Terry Donovan, whom he found in his last moments. The Rev. Mr.——— proceeded to state that he found the patient in a frightful state of delirious excitement, which rendered it necessary to obtain the assistance of the neighbours to keep him in bed; and that after the consolations of religion had been duly administered, his mind became gradually calm, and in a few minutes he had ceased to live. Having made some enquiries as to the case, I walked up stairs with the Reverend gentleman, more perhaps as a matter of decency than anything else.

The body had been allowed as yet to remain untouched; and, in truth, it had a most unsightly appearance. The face was covered by the hand, which seemingly had been the last movement of the dying man. In other respects the body was in the position of a person asleep.

I followed the pastor down, and began to think of returning home, when he suggested that before we parted, we should all unite in prayer, and seize the awful occasion, which he said was evidently intended to be one of spiritual refreshment and edification. Although a member of the Established Church, I could not object to join in any supplication to the Throne of Grace, though it might not perhaps be one that I should select; still, the occasion had its due weight; and assigning me the empty chair beside him in the chimney corner, the Reverend gentleman at once commenced. All the neighbours —who were more or less connected with the deceased—were summoned, and being of the same persuasion, at once readily assented to the pastor's proposition.

It was a grim assemblage. The majority of the work-people had been called from their beds to witness the last throbs of their dying comrade, and accordingly presented all the irregularities of dress which one might expect under circumstances such as these.

Kneeling round a large deal table which stood in the middle of the room, whilst those who could not find room knelt down close to the wall, the company waited silently for the pastoral blessing. The Reverend gentleman commenced by reciting a short benizon in Latin, and then applying himself to the manual which he had been perusing, he entered into a long exhortation, upon which it is not necessary for me to expatiate.

The weather was tempestuous, and the crazy appointments of the cottage were barely sufficient to keep it out of doors; for the windows—a great number of which were broken and the apertures filled up with rags—shook as if they had hard work of it to keep in their places. The draught through the house was such that the candle, which adorned the neck of a ginger-beer bottle was flaming in all directions, and the melted tallow guttered down the temporary candlestick till it congealed itself on the table in every direction. At times the noise of the tempest without was such as to drown the voice of the pastor, who continued his pious orisons in a monotonous tone of voice, so peculiar to the Roman Catholic form of worship. He had just arrived at that part of his prayer which consisted of an invocation of mercy on the soul of the departed, when the attention of the congregation was arrested by sounds which appeared to come from the room above; and before I had time to collect my rambling thoughts, or even cast a glance around the room, the departed Terry Donovan stood before me!

The countenance of the apparition was most ghastly. His hair all disordered, and the beard of a week's growth on his chin; the contrast of the ashy paleness of the shrunken cheek and the blackness of the beard, together with the projecting eye-balls formed a most unearthly sight. At the instant of appearance he stood upright, but in a few moments he clutched the steps down which he had just descended, and sunk gradually down upon them as if for support. Thinking possibly that it was some illusion produced by the singular adventure on my mind, I gazed round the room to see whether the apparition was observed by the others. It was. There seemed to be one general expression of unutterable horror, which rivetted us all

to our places. The pastor was the first to break the dreadful silence.

"*In nomine Dei, exorciso te!*" he exclaimed, crossing himself.—"In the name of the Virgin, what want you here? Terence Donovan depart!"

By this time there was a general move in the room. In the uproar the candle was extinguished, which only increased the commotion. Feeling confident that the apparition could be no more or less than the corporeal flesh and blood of the deceased Terry, and my conviction being strengthened by the fact of his having sunk exhausted upon the steps, I rushed towards the spot where he was, and in a moment convinced myself that it was no ghost.

But the noise and uproar was unabated, and in vain I endeavoured to assure the assembly that, so far from its being the ghost of Terry, it was his own proper self. In a few minutes I succeeded in getting a light, and as poor Terry had swooned, when the horror and astonishment of his friends was somewhat subsided, I obtained their assistance in conveying him back to his bed. On examining the state of the case, I found that after a great deal of delirious excitement, there was no doubt he had fainted in a similar way before, and that the swoon was mistaken—from its length—for the sleep of death.

The assurances of the pastor on my reaching the house, had not created the least suspicion in my mind; poor Terry's hand being stretched across his face, I had not deemed it necessary to make any minute examination, taking it for granted that the representations of the priest were true. I very briefly mentioned the exact state of things, and forthwith set about the administration of restoratives, explaining at the same time that they were not at all likely ultimately to be successfnl.

My prognostications were correct. The strength of the exhausted patient had become literally sapped up, the apparent power to get out of bed and go down stairs unassisted being simply the result of nervous excitement, and a sort of rousing of the energies before the final extinction of the vital spark.

I need not dilate further. Since that time I have had several country journies in the night; but I never proceed to the sick bed when summoned under similar circumstances, but I am forcibly reminded of the occurrences of that night, and my memory retains a lively impression of

THE DEATH WALK.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

Chronologically and Biographically Considered.

By W. Cooke Stafford.

(Continued from vol. ix. *page* 554.*)*

The year 1817 was, on many accounts, one of the most remarkable for the Italian opera, since it had been introduced into England. Mr. Waters the proprietor, intrusted the management to Mr. Ayrton;—whose object was to render the theatre independent of the caprice, and to redeem it from the trammels, of singers and dancers. He engaged the most efficient company, perhaps, that had ever appeared collectively: including as *soprani*, Mesdames Fodor, Camporese, and Pasta; *tenori*, Begrez and Crivelli; *bassi*, Ambrogetti, Naldi, and Angrisani. These eminent *artistes* performed operas with a degree of excellence, and a unity of effect, never before witnessed in England. Camporese was a first-rate singer, and her acting was that of a gentlewoman, and a woman of sense. Pasta was extremely young. She opened the season in Cimarosa's "*Penelope;*" but although destined to achieve fame hereafter, she made no impression on this occasion. Crivelli was more elegant and graceful than powerful. Begrez was an agreeable tenor. Ambrogetti combined genius, enthusiasm, and a versatility of histrionic talent seldom equalled; but his voice was not good. In the "*Don Giovanni*" of Mozart, he pourtrayed the reckless libertine to the life; whilst in the "*Agnese*" of Paer, he so perfectly developed the sorrow and insanity of the distracted father, that it became painfully affecting. Angrisani had a fine, deep, mellow bass voice, and was a good actor. The new operas brought out this season were Paer's "*Griselda*" and "*Agnese;*" Ferrari's "*Lo sbaglio Fortunato;*" and Mozart's "*Il Don Giovanni,*" which was first performed on the 12th of April, and given ten nights, uninterruptedly! It was frequently repeated in the course of the season, which was one of the most splendid and profitable, that has distinguished our operatic history. Mr. Ayrton, however, was ill supported by the proprietor; and retired at the close of the season. It was disgraceful to Mr. Waters, that he had to bring an action to recover the remuneration so eminently his due. The season commenced on the 11th of January, and ended on the 12th of August.

In the season of 1818, (which extended from January 10th to August 11th) there was no musical director, or composer; and M. Weichsell was the leader of the band. Great complaints were made of the parsimony of the manager: and at a meeting of the directors, held at the Thatched House tavern, on the 30th of May, it was resolved, that the opera-house was unworthy the patronage it had received. In the vocal department, Miss Corri (daughter of Mr. Corri, of Edinburgh,) succeeded Madame Camporese; and Signor Garcia, a Spanish tenor, was also engaged. Two of Rossini's operas were performed this season—"*Il Barbiere di Seviglia,*" and "*Elizabetta;*" being the first introduction of that composer's music into this country, except in detached arias.

At the risk of extending these papers beyond the utmost length which magazine articles ought to be permitted to attain, we must say a few words of Rossini: and we again quote from "A Manual of Music" published by Cradock, a few words of this memorable man, with whom commenced the fourth epoch of Italian opera.—Giocchino Rossini "was born at Pesaro, in 1792. His parents belonged to a strolling company of actors and musicians, who frequented the fairs of Italy: he accompanied them, and was, at a very early period, required to take a share in the performances. At ten he began to study music, and before he was sixteen, he had qualified himself to direct an orchestra. He was also able to sing at sight any piece of music which might be placed before him. His first opera, *Demetrio et Polibio*, composed in 1809, was performed at Rome in 1812; and few composers have been more prolific, or have run through a more popular career. He has written thirty-five operas, commencing with "*Demetrio,*" and ending with '*Guillame Tell.*'" For although he has since produced "*Robert Bruce,*" it was a mere *rificamento* of "*Il Donna del Lago,*" and met with no success. Both that, and *Guillame Tell* were brought out at Paris,—where he resided for some years; but, latterly he has made Italy his abode. Fifteen of his operas have been performed in England. "The music of these multifarious compositions partakes largely of the character of the man; he is gay, volatile, careless, disliking study, eschewing all elaborate scientific training, but loving to bask in the sunshine, to nestle among the sweetest of flowers, to sip the dew off the most delicious fruits. Just such is his music. With him words are nothing; melody everything. He is careless in his instrumentation, and frequently violates what

are called the 'established rules of composition;' yet, in his own dear sunny land, his popularity has not been greater than in philosophic Germany, volatile France, or sober 'thinking England.' Wherever his operas are heard, they attract crowded audiences, and their fame pales not before that of Mozart or Beethoven."

Deficient as the season of 1818 was considered in the department of vocal excellence, that of 1819, (which commenced January 19th, and closed August 14th,) was even worse: "it was deficient in every essential necessary to give the music performed due effect." Signora Bellochi, with Signors Placci and Romero, were the substitutes for old faces. The lady,—a mezzo-soprano,—had no pretensions to the rank of *prima donna;* Placci, a *basso-cantate*, did not rise above mediocrity; and Romero, a *buffo*, was hissed on his first appearance. Rossini's "*L' Italiana in Algieri*," and "*L' Inganno Felice*," with Paesiello's "*La Modista Raggatrice*," were the new operas.

The season of 1820 commenced on December 18th, 1819, and ended August 15th. It exhibited a further decline in excellence; and (Rossini's "*La Cenerentola*," and "*Tancredi*," with Liverati's "*Gastone e Bajardo*" being the new operas,) ended in the singers refusing to perform, their salaries being ten nights in arrear. Mr. Chambers to whom the theatre was mortgaged, irritated by Mr. Waters' language and conduct, put an execution into the house, and the latter fled to Calais.

In 1821, Mr. Ebers, an opulent and respectable bookseller, of St. James's Street, undertook the management of the opera, with the sole responsibility,—though a species of *surveillance* was exercised by a committee appointed to aid in the direction. He, very wisely, secured the services of Mr. Ayrton, and engaged a most powerful company. It included the following *artistés:—Soprani:* Madame Ronzi de Begnis, (a most polished and elegant singer and charming actress, in the flower of youth and beauty), and Madame Albert, (a fine actress, but an ordinary singer). *Contralti:* Signora Marinoni, (who had not power enough for the opera-house), and Madame Vestris. *Tenori:* Signors Curioni, (who displayed talents which made him, for many seasons, popular in England), Begrez, and Torri. *Bassi:* Signors De Ville (whose flexible voice was his greatest recommendation), De Begnis, (one of the best *buffa* actors and singers Italy has produced), Ambrogetti, Angrisani, and Placci. The novelties in operas, were Rossini's "*La*

Gazza Ladra," and "*Il Turco in Italia*." The season did not open till March 10th; and it closed on the 18th of August. —"Towards the close of 1821, Mr. Chambers purchased of Mr. Waters all his right and title in the King's theatre for the sum of £80,000, and Mr. Ebers took it again at the enormous rent of £10,000 per annum. Mr. Waters, as soon as he heard of this arrangement, considered it so favourable to Mr. Chambers, that he filed a bill in Chancery against him, to rescind the sale."* The proceedings ruined the wealthy banker, who became bankrupt. Many years elapsed before anything like a settlement of his affairs was made; during part of which time he was an exile, and indebted to the musical talents of his daughter, an amiable and interesting lady, for support. His estate ultimately paid, we believe, twenty shillings in the pound.

Mr. Ebers shewed no want of spirit in his management during 1822; but he was deprived of the able aid of Mr. Ayrton, who resigned the musical directorship, as he was controlled, improperly, as he imagined, by the committee of noblemen and gentlemen already alluded to. He was succeeded by Signor Petracchi.—One of the new engagements was Signora Caradori,—a lady with a fine figure, pleasing intelligent countenance, beautiful voice, and admirable vocal powers, which made her a great favourite, and she has not yet retired from public life. The other novelties were Signora Cinti, (a pretty woman and good singer); Signor Castoni, (a *basso*, of much pretension and little merits); and Signor Zuchelli, (also a *basso*, who possessed a deep, mellow, round-toned, and manly voice, with great facility of execution, and superior talents as an actor).—Four new operas were performed during the season, (January 12th to August 10th), viz., Pacini's "*Il Barone di Dolsheim*;" Mosca's "*I due pretendenti delusi*;" Rossini's "*Pietro l'Eremita*," and "*Otello*."—Mr. Ebers was a great loser in the two seasons of 1821 and 1822: in the former, the receipts were £32,223 13s. 1d., and the expenditure, £39,298 18s. 1d.: in the latter, he took £41,508, and expended £46,876.

Still the worthy bibliopole, with a constancy and perseverance worthy a better fate, again essayed his fortune, and kept the theatre open from January till the 5th of August, 1823. Several new singers were engaged; only one of whom, Signor

* See "History of Music," in Constable's Miscellany.

Porto, a *basso*, made an impression. The new operas were "*La Donna del Lago*," "*Ricciardo e Zoriade*," and "*Matilde e Corradino*," of Rossini; and Mercadante's "*Elisa e Claudio.*" "The latter failed: the former were eminently successful—a result due as much to the charming singing and acting of Signor and Madame Ronzi de Begnis, and Madame Camporese, as to the merits of the operas." This year the expenditure was £46,448; the receipts £37,241; the lessee, therefore, in his three years experience of opera management lost no less than £21,650:—this was paying indeed, "dear for one's whistle."

The year 1824 saw the opera once more in new hands,—Mr. Ebers declining to go on with the ruinous speculation. Messrs. Gallop and Chippendale rented the theatre; which was opened under the management of Signor Benelli, an Italian, who had lost all his credit in his native country, but imagined he would be able to obtain more in England, in which he succeeded. The Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Glengall, Colonel Cook, and the Hon. Henry de Roos, were security for the rent. He engaged Rossini as composer and director, and a most expensive company, comprising the following:—*Soprani:* Mesdames Catalani, Ronzi de Begnis, and Colbran Rossini, (wife to the director; who, from 1806 to 1815 had been one of the first singers in Europe, but was now in the wane of her powers). *Contralti:* Mesdames Vestris and Pasta; the latter of whom came from Paris, where she had been performing since 1822. She now burst on the town in all the force and majesty of her expression, and the dignity and power of her acting. She both delighted and astonished; and was equally pleasing and surprising. The *tenori* were Signors Garcia, Curiani, and Francesdri, (who was not heard of, after the season). *Bassi:* Signors Remorini, (a *basso-cantate* of considerable power, and a good actor), Benetti and Porto. The conductor was Signor Coccia; the leader Spagnoletti. The new operas produced were Rossini's "*Zelmina*" and "*Semiramide;*" and Zingarelli's "*Romeo e Giulietta.*" The first was not successful. Rossini was to have composed the music for an opera, "*Ugo Re 'd Italia*," expressly for this theatre; but he was engaged so largely at parties and concerts, that he neglected his duty. Catalani only appeared for a few nights.—The season commenced January 24th, and ended August 14th. The receipts were £45,000; the expenditure £60,000. At the close, Benelli went off to the continent: and Mr. Ebers, involved in expensive law-suits with the Italian, and made liable

for the deficiencies incurred by him, once more took the theatre into his own hands.

He did not commence his season till the 1st of March, 1825; and then it was at the Little theatre, in the Haymarket, (now Webster's) the walls of the opera-house having been reported to be unsafe.—The season (which closed on the 13th of August,) was only remarkable for the appearance of Signor Velutti, who had first been heard, in London, at a concert given at Devonshire house. He was one of that class (the *Everati*) who formerly supported the first parts in Italian music, both in the church and the theatre,—but which had been for some years banished from the English stage. Velutti produced considerable effect, both in his singing and acting: he was deficient in force and majesty, but, in scenes of terror and sorrow, admirable. His voice, which extended from A on the first line of the bass to A above the treble staff, was pure, delicate, sweet, and brilliant, and his elocution and enunciation were good. Though a prejudice was raised against him, from the unfortunate circumstances in which he was placed, his talents, and his pleasing manners, rendered him popular. The new operas performed were Generali's "*Adelina*," and Mayerbeer's "*Il Crociato in Egitto*," the latter being selected for Velutti's first appearance. It was one of the most successful that had been acted for some time; keeping possession of the stage till the end of the season,—another disastrous one for poor Ebers, who lost £6,150 12s. 3d.; the receipts being £27,227 12s. 6d; the expenditure, £33,378 4s. 9d.

Most extraordinary, notwithstanding his losses, Mr. Ebers again took the theatre, for 1826, at a rent of £15,000; and engaged Velutti as his director, who introduced Signora Bononi, a pupil of his own, to sing with him. The two assimilated well together; Bononi, though a poor actress, being a graceful and impressive vocalist. Madame Cornega also made her *debût* on the stage, as a *contralto*, being engaged on the recommendation of the Duke of Cambridge. She was a complete musician, but wanted power, for the immense space she had to fill. There were several other novelties; but all were eclipsed by Pasta, who, this season, came out in Mayer's "*Medea*," in which her powerful acting produced an effect, which raised the feelings of the audience to perfect enthusiasm.—Morlacchi's "*Teoboldo & Isolina*," and Rossini's "*La Cenerentola*" and "*Aureliano in Palmyra*," were the other new operas.—The season extended from January 7th to August 12th; and at the close Velutti

and Pasta quitted England.—The loss on the season was £7,537 14s. 10d.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Ebers opened the theatre again, on the 2nd of December, 1826, and continued the season till the 7th of August, 1827,—engaging M. Bochsa, a Frenchman, and an admirable performer on the harp, as his director. As a novelty, Miss Fanny Ayrton was engaged as *prima donna*, and appeared on the 3rd of February. She had a sweet voice, great skill as a musician, and considerable talents as an actress; but she had not sufficient power and energy to sustain the principal characters in so large a theatre. Another failure was Madame Brizzi, who appeared on the 24th of March; but a more successful stand was made by Signora Toso, now Madame Puzzi, from the conservatory at Milan. She appeared on the 18th of March, and having a powerful *soprano* voice of great brilliancy, which she managed with decided taste and judgment, she became a favourite,—though she never reached the station of Caradori or Pasta. Signor Giubelei, a very useful, though not a great actor or singer; and Signora Brambilla, were also engaged, and appeared for the first time in England. The latter, indeed, made her first appearance on any stage. She was a performer and singer of genuine talent, with a fine *contralto* voice, of rich and beautiful quality. The operas performed for the first time were, Spontini's "*La Vestale*," (the first composition of that master's represented in England); Pacini's "*La Schiava in Bagdad*;" Coccia's "*Maria Stuart*;" and Mercadante's "*Didone*," none of which were very successful.—The season closed poor Ebers' career as manager of the opera: he lost £2,974; and became a bankrupt.

(To be continued.)

PRESENT STATE OF ART, THE DRAMA, MUSIC, AND DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

The above comprehensive title although embracing a wide range of subject, is nevertheless capable of being considered as one, which regarding their interests, lies in a small compass. The present unhappy state of affairs in this country, the eternal agitation which has been carried on for many years,

from Reform to Chartism, is ruining as fast as possible the Arts, the Drama, the Music, and the Dramatic Literature of this country. With a population bending under a mountain of taxation—stagnated trade to rely on for their means—and threatened spoliation of what property the tax-gatherer may have left the middle classes, the power of encouraging the Art-Union of London and our native Theatres is small indeed, and small as it is there is every probability that that little will become less, if not soon be utterly extinguished; for, in the case of many thousands, instead of being able to spare a few shillings for these elegancies and refined amusements of life, it is with great difficulty that they can keep a house over their heads; and in many cases poverty is so frightfully extended, that bread cannot be purchased. A fearful crisis is rapidly approaching in the affairs of this country, the evil of which may be averted by concessions to the people, made by the nobility and landed gentry by a reduction of an enormous Civil list, and consequent relief from intolerable taxation by the Government, and by a fair and conciliating line of conduct to be adopted by Her Majesty and those who are led by Royal example, so as not to alienate the affections of a people having the utmost disposition to love and protect their youthful queen.

In the confusion which reigns in continental states may be seen the consequences of obstinately holding on on a wrong course contrary to the wishes of the people, who when aroused, however patiently and however long the burdens may have been borne by them, like a monster loosened from bondage, rages madly and destroys friends and foes, sparing no institutions, young or old, and bathing its giant form in blood. Happily for this country we have not yet been absorbed in this Maelstrom, although, doubtless, we are now within the influence of its external circles, exertion in time may save us.

The Art-Union of London has decreased in the amount subscribed this year fearfully—as much as six-thousand pounds. This loss when divided among many artists whose whole support has been derived from the Art-Union will be destructive, for unfortunately, other sources of patronage are closed upon them. The middle classes cannot afford to indulge in the most expensive of luxuries—that of Art. The Income Tax has carried off what little patronage persons in the middle ranks of life used to give in having portraits and small pictures painted for them. The prospect for artists is dismal indeed:

the profession when threatened with an importation of German artists came forth manfully to the conflict, proved themselves worthy to be employed upon the historical pictures in the Houses of Parliament, and put to flight the expectant German, French, and Italian professors. While thus defending the national honour in Art, Her Majesty has given a foreign portrait painter greater encouragement than has been bestowed upon any artist of Great Britain—not merely by commissioning him to paint herself, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the Royal children, and thereby setting an example to the whole Court, but allowing these very pictures to be exhibited at the palace, and allowing the issuing of tickets for the nobility and gentry to fall down and worship these magnificent productions of a moderately-talented foreign artist. What English, Irish, or Scotch artist has had so much honour paid him? and been so fully and efficiently advertised by the first lady in the Kingdom!

A fashion thus set is sure to be followed, and we have consequently foreign artists dividing with native talent the little patronage which now exists among the nobility in portrait painting and the decoration of public and private buildings.

In the Drama, our two national theatres are closed upon English professors. Macready, Phelps, Mrs. Warner, Miss Helen Fawcit, Mrs. Butler, Vandenhoff, G. V. Brooke, and a host of *improveable* talent is consigned to starvation quietly, unless they can exist upon property acquired years since, and with the actors and actresses are involved the present English Dramatists, Sheridan Knowles, Talfourd, Marston, Jerrold, Lovell and others. Poor Jullien—Frenchman as he is—ruined himself by an attempt to produce opera by native artists, and Sims Reeves who made so great a sensation as to be considered capable of maintaining a high position at the Italian Opera in the Haymarket, has been deprived of his honours (such as only the great Braham has been deemed worthy of before) by what bears the appearance of a combination of foreign artists against him and English talent. Italian Opera reigns triumphant at Kemble's theatre, and is supported by an aristocratic and wealthy audience, as the lines of carriages testify on every night of performance.

Drury-lane has now been converted into a receptacle for French men and women and morality, including scenery and scene-shifters, and will of course be succcessful, especially as the enlightened and refined audience is not to be annoyed by

any half-price visitors, nor by the English populace in the galleries, probably from a wholesome fear of a tempest in that region. St. James's Theatre—since poor Braham ruined himself in attempting to produce some encouragement from the aristocracy for the talents of himself, H. Phillips, Allen, Lefflu, Miss Rainforth and other members of an English opera company—has gone on successfully with a French company! The boxes are engaged by the season, and the prices raised, so as to shut out the English people, and to allow Her Majesty and the Court the exclusive enjoyment of foreign talent. Surely some little talent must exist among native artists worthy of being listened to by Royal or aristocratic ears!

We were painfully affected some evenings since by these reflections,—when, on Her Majesty's birth-day, a generous and loyal audience listening to the English operatic company banished to Sadler's Wells, insisted upon the national anthem being sung by the company. Nothing loth, Miss Rainforth, Miss R. Isaacs, Leffler, Borrani, &c., sung with spirit and feeling, "God save the Queen," imploring blessings upon their Queen—that Queen who supports everything that is foreign, and suffers native talent to wither and be expelled from all theatres in the vicinity of her Court.

The same effect is observed in musical circles. Smith, Brown, Thompson, are good old English names, and can be allied to talent, except in the musical world, where an Italianising or Germanising of the name—a Signor Billsmithi, or Herr Kœnig, or Schmidt process—is necessary, with the addition of long hair and mustachios, before the poor man can be supposed capable of playing the fiddle, or teaching young ladies the pianoforte;—all resulting from the pernicious example set by the wealthy and high in rank, and wretchedly aped by the would-be people, who always run after anything that may be fashionable from Tom Thumb to the last fashionable foolery.

We abstain as much as possible from mentioning the individual names of these foreign artists who have succeeded in absorbing the entire patronage of our Sovereign and nobility, but their general name is Legion, especially since the overthrow of Royalty on the continent has thrown them out of employ, a complete invasion of professors of all sorts has taken place, and it is high time we bestirred ourselves now, to stay, if not to remedy those grievances, especially as the principle of free trade is only recognised by us, and is repudiated by our

French neighbours, who have driven home thousands of our English workmen, and have always combined against English companies of actors, when visiting the French capital.

England is essentially the home of monarchy, and in steady loyalty surpasses any other nation in the world. The people love their sovereign with all their heart, and would dare any danger to protect their Queen or King; but, as in the case of parent and child, tyranny, or neglect of duty may change the affection of the child to hatred towards the parent,—so may a people be disgusted, become indifferent first, and vindictive afterwards, being impelled to steps which happily occur but seldom in the pages of British history.

Rank, wealth, talent are only trusts reposed in our hands by the Almighty disposer, and in exact ratio by which we ascend the scale of society and possess the capabilities of operating for good or evil upon our fellow men, so are we expected to sacrifice our private inclinations to public duty; and the very high position in which we place our beloved Queen, and the influence, wealth, and force of example it is our delight to place in her hands, should be graciously used in support of her loyal subjects, who in their turn are bound to defend her on the throne, while the tempest of rebellion sweeps down continental monarchies.

It may be that as in the exercise of her taste as a private lady Her Majesty may prefer Gardoni to Sims Reeves—she may prefer French vaudevilles to Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, or Sheridan Knowles—she may not appreciate the talents of Balfe, Rooke, Loder, Purcell, Arne and other composers, and dislike "God Save the Queen" except through the medium of broken English; and with this taste—while kept within innocent limits—no one would be silly enough to interfere, but when it becomes a habit of Royalty to exclusively patronise foreign talent, and to allow the Arts, the Drama, Music and their professors to be excluded not merely from Court but thrust from those theatres which are English property, the effects are destructive, and work incalculable evils in every direction,—to say nothing respecting the known immorality of the French stage—calculated to increase a mischief which our most respected theatrical managers have laboured hard to remedy.

We have now, two Italian Operas, two French Theatres, and another French company about to open at the Olympic. French artists endeavouring to open a French exhibition in

London.—A French Court-painter.—A German decorator of public buildings.—Hosts of French and German professors of music, dancing, and languages. The time has arrived for something to be done in self-defence. If Her Majesty be respectfully petitioned to bestow some portion of the Royal patronage upon British talent, and to restrain the example of wholesale support upon foreign artists, the prayer of the petition will assuredly be attentively and graciously considered by our young and amiable Queen, who must possess all those excellent qualities of heart for the just claims of her people, as she envies for her own children.

The whole range of the Fine Arts, Drama, and Music has quietly suffered in its interests for years, averse to complaint they have not placed their degraded position before Her Majesty, who has—unconsciously—by the exercise of private taste, wrought great mischief upon national talent, and from that species of adulation which is the product of a Court atmosphere, has not been informed of the growing discontent of English professors. Once to be really cognisant of the deplorable state to which English professors in the liberal arts are reduced, will resolve Her Majesty to use the power in her own hands, by patronising English talent, by going in state to our theatres, and rendering these fashionable, profitable to the management, enabling them to give liberal salaries to the artists, and encouraging the cultivation of English acting and English music, discountenancing immorality whether native or foreign, and giving both musical composers and dramatic authors fair opportunities for the improvement and exercise of their talents. If Royal patronage were thus bestowed, the liberal arts would again flourish in this country, and the English stage be again placed in the proud position so often alluded to, as in the times of Kemble and Garrick. The most ample opportunities exist for encouragement by the mere presence of Her Majesty frequently at our several theatres, while the Lord Chamberlain and the licenses possess powers of restraining performances which have, as is sufficiently well known, been frequently used in cases of a far more questionable character than that of the present one.

It is to the absence of a refined and educated audience with wealth in their hands, that the growth of immorality and the debasing dramas at some of our minor theatres are to be mainly attributed:—robbery and murder, coarse language, vulgarity of style, and clap-traps are resorted to, in order to enable the

managers to keep their doors open by pandering to the coarse tastes of a low audience. If Her Majesty had a box at each theatre, and occasionally visited each in turn, each would become fashionable in its own locality, poetry and wit would be appreciated, refinement of style would necessarily follow, and the low, degrading immorality of having dramas with thieves for heroes, and its pestilential accompaniments would be dispelled, as foul vapours are by the cheering influence of the sun.

A placard has been extensively posted on the walls, urging this question of foreigners on the consideration of the public, and several of our leading journals have mentioned the subject as one of great importance to a very large portion of the public; and we sincerely hope that each profession will adopt a petition to be presented to Her Majesty, or that a general one may be prepared, and submitted to a general meeting of the members of the professions to be adopted, extensively signed, and most respectfully submitted to Her Majesty.

"WHEN THIS OAK THAT NOW REARETH."

By W. S. Passmore.

"When this oak that now reareth its head to the sky,
With yon meek-hearted primrose all lovely shall lie—
Will the vows I have pledged thee prove faithless and vain,
And this heart," said fair Janet, "up-yield thee but bane."
To my bosom I clasped her and vowed that I knew,
That her heart like its emblem was sturdy and true;
And I said as we parted, our sands will outrun—
E'er the pride of the forest is humbled and gone.

With a heart for the lov'd one I sought as my bride,
E'er the acorn had ripen'd I flew to her side;
But the breast that once echoed the thoughts of my own,
Now enshrined but the triumph another had won!
In the frenzy of madness, heart-broken with care,
To the oak tree I hurried, to hide my grief there;
But, alas! like my bosom's sweet calm 'twas o'erthrown,
And the pride of the forest, storm-blasted was gone!

THE SARACENIC EMPIRE.

By W. Cooke Stafford.

(Continued from vol. ix. *page* 452.*)*

Before we enter upon the history of the Saracenic empire, subsequent to Mohammed, it will be necessary to devote a few pages to a consideration of that religious system which Mohammed founded; under the influence of which, so many widely-extended conquests were made; and which still unites a large number of people in the belief, that "there is but one God," a most solemn and religious truth, but to which they add, the fabulous dogma, that "Mohammed is his prophet."

Previous to Mohammed, the religion of Arabia was a corrupted form of Sabianism. They worshipped a supreme God, in the heavens: and believed, that the sun, moon, and stars were his ministers, to whom they offered an inferior species of adoration. This religion, in its purity, had something rational —even ennobling—about it. But the Arabs had degenerated into idolatry, and worshipped idols: "stocks and stones, the work of man's hands," as well as the heavenly bodies. Generally female figures, they were thought to represent angels; and whilst the Supreme Being was termed Allah Taala, the Most High God, the others were simply termed goddesses. Sale tells us, no doubt truly, that this explains the Greek notion of the Arab idolatry: they affirmed, that the Arabs worshipped Bacchus and Thania, calling the one Orotalt, the other Alilat.—In the Koran, we find the names of Wada, Sarva, Yaguth, Yawk, and Nasi, attributed to Arabian deities: "these are all said," (observes the Rev. H. Christian, in his "Universal Mythology,") "to be antediluvian idols, worshipped respectively under the shapes of a man, a woman, a lion, a horse, and an eagle. Against these idols they asserted that Noah preached, and for the worshipping of which the deluge was sent upon mankind." Some few of the Arabs were of the Magi, or "Fire-worshippers;" more of them had embraced a species of religion, partaking of Judaism and Christianity: but the great majority were, when Mohammed lived, Pagans,—and utterly ignorant of the sacred truths of revealed religion. Their superstition and idolatry were displaced by the tenets of the Koran.

The Mohammedans reverence the Koran as we do the Scriptures; and there is no doubt but the impostor conceived the idea of a divine revelation, from the declaration of the law to Moses, as he was not ignorant of the Jewish Scriptures. One night, we are told, the angel Gabriel came down from Heaven, and opening the breast of Mohammed, he took out his heart, purified it from the stain of original sin, and returned it again, pure and innocent, as was that of Adam when he emerged, majestic in human beauty, from under the hands of the Creator. On that night, the Koran was sent from the highest to the lowest heaven, that it might be revealed to the prophet, as the wants of mankind required. It was twenty-three years before the revelation was completed;—and "the Book,"—(the literal meaning of the title)—is regarded with great veneration by all the followers of Islamism; who are most anxious to prevent its being corrupted. Lest any interpolation should be made, they have counted the words and letters; and they are very reluctant to communicate it to infidels. The style of the Koran is remarkably good; and there is great sublimity in the descriptions of the Supreme Being. There is a grievous want of arrangement throughout,—the consequence of the manner in which it was written, for we are told, that "as soon as a chapter had been collected from a number of separate revelations, which were taken down by amanuenses, it was read over to the followers of the prophet, till the whole was committed to memory; the original was then thrown into a chest, called the chest of revelation, and committed to the care of Haphsa, one of the wives of Mohammed. It was, however, they say, by the direction of the angel Gabriel, that the arrangement of the verses in each chapter was made."—[Christian.] At the beginning of each chapter, is the motto, "In the name of the kind and merciful God." We find in it, the histories of the Old Testament, and the parables of the New; with the fables of the Talmud: it is, indeed, a strange compilation of legends, visions, discourses, precepts, and laws; and its absurdities are certainly intermixed with many pure moral maxims, and sound axioms of jurisprudence.

The religious belief of the Mohammedans, as drawn from the Koran, they divide into two parts—faith and works. Their articles of faith are six. 1. A belief in the unity of God; and in this article of the creed they differ very little from the Socinians. 2. A belief in angels. 3. A belief in

the Scriptures. 4. A belief in the existence of a number of divinely inspired men, to whom as to prophets, God revealed himself, and of whom Mohammed was the greatest. 5. That there is a future state, and that there will be a resurrection and a day of judgment. 6. The last article in their creed is, a belief in fatalism: they think that God decrees every action, event, and thought: that all that has taken place was pre-ordained, as is all that is to come, and is recorded in the book of God. Thus an Arab poet expresses himself: "Whatever is written against thee will come to pass, what is written for thee shall not fail; resign thyself to God, and know thyself to be powerless, his decrees will certainly take place."

In practice, they have four fundamental "good works" which they are bound zealously to perform. 1. Prayer. 2. Alms-giving. 3. Fasting. 4. To make a pilgrimage to Mecca.—They pray five times a-day. 1. Before sunrise. 2. A little after noon. 3. Just before sunset. 4. Just after sunset. 5. Before the first watch of the night. Previous to prayer, the ceremony of ablution must be performed, that they may be purified before they venture to present themselves before God. They fast during the whole month of Ramadan, from day-break to sunset, in which period they must neither eat nor drink, nor touch a woman. There are exceptions in favour of the aged, and of children; of women pregnant or nursing; of those who are sick, or those who are on a journey. An equal number of days' fasting must, however, be observed in some other month for those which are dispensed with in this. The pilgrimage to Mecca, every man who can, is obliged to perform once in his life; and of so great moment is this duty deemed, that Mohammed is reported to have said, "He who dies without performing this pilgrimage, may as well die a Christian or a Jew."

The pilgrimage is usually made in large bodies,—and there are stations on all the accesses to Mecca, where the pilgrims change their ordinary apparel for the sacred habit, which consists, according to Sale, of two coarse woollen wrappers. The sacred spot to which they direct their steps is the Kaaba, a square stone building, of considerable height, situated in the centre of the temple of Mecca, and reputed to have been the work of the patriarch Abraham. A black stone is preserved here, in a framework of silver, which is affirmed to have been once whiter than milk, and to have fallen from Paradise with Adam. At the deluge it was preserved, and was given to

Abraham by the angel Gabriel. Its black colour is attributed to various causes, and a prevalent belief is, that the interior is as white as ever, and that its present dingy appearance has been caused by the kisses and touch of the thousands of pilgrims who have visited it. Another stone is also shown, with the impression of a foot, said to be that of Abraham; and on the east side of the building is the well Zemzem, which the "faithful" believe to be the spring which was miraculously formed for the relief of Hagar in the wilderness. On reaching the temple, the pilgrims go seven times roun l the Kaaba; run seven times between two hills, called Safâ and Menvâ; pray one day at Mount Ararat, and one night at Mozdalifa; throw three stones at a pillar in the valley of Mina, which represents the devil, whom Abraham is said to have met there, and driven away with stones; slay certain victims; shave the hair; cut the nails; and pay a farewell visit to the Kaaba. Every one who has performed this pilgrimage is thenceforth entitled to add the title Hadji to his name.

With much puerility and absurdity, there is a wonderful share of sublimity intermingled with the belief in a day of judgment, the torments of hell, and the pleasures of paradise, as inculcated in the Koran. The idea of the ceremonies with which the last assize will be attended, are, no doubt, taken from the Book of Revelations; it is to be prefaced by seventeen signs, and will continue says one passage in the Koran, 1000 years; but another attributes to it fifty-thousand years' duration. God is to appear in the clouds surrounded by angels, and before him, all that have existed are to appear. Seventy-thousand of those who were the earliest to embrace Islamism, are to pass without examination: but all the rest are to be strictly judged. "The good and bad deeds of each individual shall be compared; a portion of his good deeds attributed to each person he has injured, and of his bad actions to each who has injured him. If there remains the weight of good works over evil ones, after this, the person is admitted to paradise, and the wicked are punished according to the measure of their transgressions."—[*Christian.*] A wall called Al Araf, divides Heaven and Heli; and on this wall those are to be placed, whose good and evil actions so nearly balance, that it cannot be said which predominates. Ultimately however, these will attain Paradise; the road to which, as well as to Hell, is over the bridge Al Sirat, described as finer than a hair, sharper than the edge of a sword, and beset with

briars and thorns. Over this, the prophet, followed by the "faithful," passes with great rapidity; but the wicked fall into perdition.

Various pains and tortures are ascribed to those who sink into the bottomless pit,—which is divided into seven regions; for Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, Sabians, Magians, idolators, and—the last and lowest—to hypocrites. A guard of angels is placed over each region. In Paradise, the pleasures are most entrancing. Rich perfumes scent the air; oriental splendour decks the buildings; the most beautiful trees (including the Tuba, or tree of life and happiness), plants, and flowers, adorn the happy spot; and the rivers flow with water, milk, honey, and wine. The most beautiful women, made of musk, free from all the defects of earthly females, and dwelling in houses of hollow pearls, are formed for the delectation of the faithful; who are also to enjoy a superabundant recompense, promised in the Koran, namely, to see the face of God, night and morning.

The belief in angels recognises two species, the good, who are immortal: and the bad, who are mortal, and subject to human wants, infirmities, and passions. The chief of the latter is Eblis; and it is thought, that, having inhabited the world, before the creation of Adam, when they were governed by princes, all of whom bore the name of Solomon—they forfeited their inheritance by the profligacy of their conduct; but that Mohammed's mission extended to them as well as to the human race. These beings are believed to have been created of fire; to be, like the good angels, possessed of supernatural power; and to be divided into two species, the Jinus and Ufreets,—something akin to the Peris and Deeves of the Persians. In Hindostan, stories are gravely told of persons who have married Ufreets; and it is believed that one day in every eight, the supernatural creature betrays itself by a peculiar offensiveness.

The Mohammedans also believe in the existence of sylphs, or guardian spirits, one of whom is attached to every human being, and writes down all his actions. Some say each man has two guardian angels, and that they are changed every day. A more disagreeable superstition, is the belief in the existence of ghouls,—creatures who appear in horribly monstrous shapes; haunting burial-grounds, and other sequestered spots, feeding upon the bodies of the dead, and killing every human creature who may chance to fall in their way. These superstitions,

and a faith in the arts of sorcery or magic, with a firm reliance on astrological predictions, are all points of faith with the Mohammedans of the present day; and give a romantic tinge to their characters and every-day pursuits.

Such are the principal tenets of Islamism; which forms the creed of many millions. Under the crescent, its distinguishing emblem, they went dauntless to battle; assured either of victory or eternal happiness; for Mohammed taught, that whoever died fighting for the faith, was instantly translated to Paradise. With this stimulus they devoted their lives fearless to advance their cause; and fanaticism thus united to athletic strength and fervent courage, enabled them to achieve rapid conquests, and to establish an empire, which, for a time, dazzled the world.

(To be continued.)

ON THE LOVERS' SUICIDE BY CHARCOAL FUMES.

By M. W. H.

Now the envenomed smoke ascends!
The charcoal dimly burns;
The lover o'er the fair one bends,
And to her arms returns.
On the bed of death,
They gasp for breath,
The eye-balls upwards roll;
The heaving breast
In vain seeks rest
For the labouring soul.

Where now the lily on the cheek?
Where now the roseate hue?
Alas! they've fled th' approach of death,
And left a ghastly blue.
Reason and Sense
Are gone from thence,
Even love itself has fled;
As they depart,
The pulseless heart,
Bespeaks the victims—dead!

They tread the path, oh! awful scene!
That must by all be trod;
No barrier now exists between
The lovers and their God!
Oh! seek not there,
The hapless pair,
Nor scan their matchless wrongs:
Their fault was love,
To Heav'n above,
Their sentence now belongs.

Oh! had their love from Earth been turned,
To Heavn's exalted throne,
There had they found a love that burned,
As boundless as their own.
Nor Grief nor Care
Are met with there,
But Love, serenely pure;
As great as true,
And lasting, too,
While Time and Space endure!

With happiness eternal crowned,
By Him from whom it flowed;
There their o'erflowing love had found
Its first—its last abode!
E'en as the deep,
When hushed to sleep,
Receives within its breast,
With swelling pride,
(Its way-worn bride)
The foaming tide,
And bids its waters rest.

LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

By Henry Vincent Falkland.

Novels.

The Sentimental School—Madame de Duras—An Author by Accident—The "Raillerie Le l'Amour"—Madame de Souga—"Alphonse et Mathilde"—The Historical Romance—Its attractions—"Cinq Mars"—Victor Hugo's Novels—Paul de Musset—Alexandre Dumas

From the specimens already given of the French drama we may form some idea of the general character of this class of literature; and although the subjects chosen are not of very recent date, they are anterior only in point of publication. Dumas and Victor Hugo were the leaders of the romantic school in 1830; they still maintain their position: the efforts of all new aspirants tending in the same direction. Dismiss we, then, the *coulisse*, and turn to the circulating library and *feuilleton*.

In entering upon a view of the present writers, it will be necessary to retrace our steps to the era of the great Revolution; when Madame de Stael sent forth her twin daughters "Delphine" and "Corinne," whose appearance and success were the signal for a numerous train of works in the same style; chiefly by females, among the most successful of whom were Madame de Duras, Madame Talmore, and Madame de Souga.

This was the age of the "romantic," or sentimental novel. The historical and the naval romance had not yet come into existence—Walter Scott, Cooper, and Marryat, had not given the signal. When they did, it was a happy change!

Claire de Kersaint, afterwards Duchess de Duras, experienced all the vicissitudes of the revolution; and although not one of its victims, she was one whom it most afflicted. She saw her noble father, a skilful naval commander, perish under the guillotine, and her sick mother forced to quit her native country, and take refuge in the new world. She accompanied her on this journey, tending her with the greatest care and affection, and managing the estates of her deceased father in the island of Martinique. Here she realised a considerable fortune; and returning to Europe, she landed in England, where she married. Her profound sensibility had been deeply

touched by the remembrance of her father's fate; and the death of her mother now determined her to return to France. This she did, during the consulate, residing at the chateau of Kessé on the Loire, where she enjoyed the company of Madame de Stael and Chateaubriand. But it was not till after the peace, and when she was mother of a small family, that she became author. It was curious, too, that at this time of life she should have followed the sentimental school. During the whole course of her youth, she never dreamt of becoming an authoress, and it was by mere accident that she became one now. Being one evening at a party, a violent storm arose. The company not knowing how to pass the time, as they were were in the country, and could not, by reason of the tempest, depart before morning, began telling one another stories round the log-fire. The turn came to Madame de Duras. She chose as subject a case which had come under her notice in the island of Martinique. The story struck deep into the hearts of her little audience: all applauded her skill of narration, and recommended her to publish the tale. She took the hint. Then followed in rapid succession, "Edouard," "Ourika," &c., by the former of which she is best known. Her style is weak, and the construction of her plots shews inexperience, which is scarcely to be wondered at, when we remember the time of life at which she first began to write.

Far better, as an authoress, is Madame Desbordes-Valmore, whose "Raillerie de l'Amour," published about the year 1833, has a sparkling charm nowhere to be met with in the novels of any other French writer of that school. It sketches off some of the principal characters of the Empire with unerring fidelity, the unfortunate Josephine in particular. The flirtations of the widows of nineteen and the boarding-school girls with the young colonels of Wagram are highly amusing. They remind one of "The pretty girls of Stilberg," in which Webster used to look the Emperor to the life, and Madame Celeste act so prettily.

Madame de Souga is the most voluminous writer of this class, besides being also the earliest. Her "Adèle de Senange" was written before the Revolution, though not published till a few years after in London, at the time when her King perished on the scaffold. The plot may be told in a few words. A young French girl marries a sentimental English nobleman at Paris, and the whole book is taken up with descriptions of their amusements and conversation. Madame de Souga re-

sided for some time in England, and has published the result of her observations during that period, in "Charles et Marie." She then crossed over to Hamburgh, where she wrote several novels. They were chiefly historical, namely:—"Helene de Tournon," "La Duchesse de Guise," "La Princesse de Clèves;" the latter of which is a clever work. It was published anonymously, like the rest of her romances; but pretends to have been composed during the time of its action, being merely *edited* by Madame de Souga. This enables her to annex a series of critical letters, as addressed to "Madame la Marquise * * *" For instance, the romance commences with describing the court of Francis I., remarking that the luxury and magnificence therein displayed, exceeded any ever known before. Letter No. 1. questions this: to which Letter No. 2 serves as a reply, defending the author; and so on through the whole series. This gives a life and interest to the work, which its intrinsic merits would not otherwise command. "Alphonse et Mathilde, par Madame L. D'E * * *," published at Paris, in 1829, is the novel by which Madame de Souga is best known. It is quite of the De Stael school; the hero and heroine being counterparts of Leonce and Delphine, and deceived like them with regard to each other's affections. The termination of the novel, however, is not quite of so gloomy a character. All misunderstandings are explained, and cleared up.

Before dismissing the "roman intime," to pass on to the more stirring novels of the present day, we shall give a short extract from the last-named work, to serve as an illustration of the style of the others, which is repeated with but little variation through every two volumes. The plot consists of a Capulet and Montagu enmity between the Comte de Berville and the Baron de Montfort, the former of whom has a son, Alphonse, our hero; the latter, a daughter, Mathilde, our heroine; who like Romeo and Juliet, take it into their heads to fall in love with one another, much to the great displeasure of both parents. Then there is a repentant villian called Théobald d' Eligny, a Lord Lindsay and his daughter Cócile. The scene is at Vallonbreuse near Lausanne, in Switzerland; and her father has promised Mathilde in marriage to the English nobleman.

"Two days had passed, and the next was to see Mathilde united to the noble lord. They both, seated at the bedside of the baron, listened with trouble and respect to his paternal wishes. Suddenly,

his voice grows weaker; he calls Mathilde; he would speak with her, and raises his trembling hand as if to bless her: the unfortunate man has spent his last breath!

Lindsay endeavoured to calm the sorrowing Mathilde; but in vain. Pale, her hands clasped, on her knees before the bed of death, she hears neither Lindsay's voice nor the bustle around her. But, a hurried step is heard; a door opens quickly; a man of a tall and noble figure, meets the eye of Lindsay. "Mathilde! where is Mathilde?" cries the stranger, whose voice strikes deep into the heart of Mathilde. Lindsay points to her, and the stranger falls on his knees before her. "Mathilde! my love, my well-beloved," cries he, "have you not a word for your friend? Will nothing tell him that you have not entirely forgotten the unfortunate Alphonse?" Mathilde replied not; but, in the extremity of grief, leaned her burning head upon the heart of Alphonse, and shed upon his bosom sobs and bitter tears. He then repeats all that the most tender affection can dictate, to console the object one loves. He raises her, carries rather than supports her into an adjoining room: it took long to allay the grief which consumed her, and which rendered her almost insensible to the attentions of her friends. Two days had elapsed after that on which the last duties were paid to the baron, and Mathilde had not inquired how Alphonse happened to be beside her. Wholly absorbed in grief, no other subject could distract her attention."

The adventures of Theobald, during the retreat from Moscow, are, perhaps, the most spirited pieces in the book.

The beneficial impulse, which the Wizard of the North communicated to this class of literature, was no less remarkable in France than in England. Translation followed translation of the Waverley novels; their plots were dressed up into all imaginable forms, serving as the subject for dramas, operas, ballets, and pantomimes. As may be supposed, the imitators were proportionally numerous. Of these, the most successful have been Alfred de Vigny, and Victor Hugo.

There is a charm about the historical novel, which belongs to no other work of the same class; and *certes* we are not among those who discern in it the estrangement of the taste for more serious and truthful reading. On the contrary, we think that much of the knowledge of history which is at present diffused among us, may be traced to have origin in romances of this description; in which real characters playing a part with those of fiction, interest, lay a hold on the mind, and awaken the curiosity of the reader to inquire further into their true lives!

The author of "Cinq-Mars" was born at Loches, in Touraine, the same year that saw Napoleon return unsuccessful from his expedition to Egypt, and chosen first consul. At the suitable age, we find the young Alfred pursuing his studies in the academy of M. Hix, at Paris; and in 1825, we find him a Benedict. It was about this time that he followed the army in the Spanish expedition; but he reached no farther than the Pyrenees. The next year, he retired from active service, and gave his "Cinq-Mars" to the world. It caused a great sensation, and its young author was henceforth courted and admired by all the literary circles of Europe. The grand descriptions and stirring adventures at the close of the novel, when the bearer of the dispatches is intercepted in the Pyrenees, doubtless had rise in the campaign of the preceding year. The cardinal, and his toy, Louis XIII., are finely drawn. We think the introduction by the martyrdom of Urbain Gandier very judicious, as from that piece of treachery arose many of the troubles of Richlieu and France. We have the spiritual and unfortunate hero before us with life-like fidelity; and his career is followed from its commencement, namely, when he quitted the roof of his ancestors for court, to its close, the scaffold. The party in the house of Marion de Lorme, is rendered doubly entertaining by the introduction of the author of "Paradise Lost," then on his way home, after a sojourn in Italy, and a short residence on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. To all who have perused Mr. James's "Richlieu," "Cinq-Mars" will be found a delightful companion.

Why speak of "Notre Dame de Paris," the most wonderful conception of any living author! Praise of it would be useless; for who that has read it cannot judge for himself? The gay Esmeralda, Gringoire, the priest, and the deformed Quasimodo, are they not all familiar to us as the vicar, his son Moses, Mr. Burchell and Sophia? Are we not equally present with Louis XI. at his secret conferences, regarding his fiery cousin of Burgundy and the Swiss question, as with Quentin Durward? Let us glance, then, at the other novels of the same author.

Victor Hugo, at the early age of sixteen, laid a wager that he could write a romance in a fortnight. The bet was taken, and lo! we have "Bug-Jargal" in the time appointed.* Whether we consider the age of the author, or the time to

* Preface to the fifth edition.

which he was limited, we cannot sufficiently admire the talent and ingenuity therein displayed. The plan is novel, and one especially suited to that style of narration. He transports us at once to another quarter of the globe, seats at the table in the mess-room along with Sergeant Thadée and his limping hound Rask, and before the hero Captain Delmar. Although neither so stirring in incident nor plot as its successor, "Han d'Islande," we must give "Bug-Jargal" the preference, as the most true to nature, and as occupying a place the nearest to our heart. The affinity between the dwarf Hadibrah and Han is strikingly similar; the one is a complete counterpart of the other, and differs only in the shade of skin. Victor seems to have an extraordinary love for deformed humanity. In the three novels above mentioned, we find in each a specimen:—Quasimodo, the hunchback; Hadibrah, the black dwarf; Han, the Icelandic ogre! The love of Ordener for Ethel, is beautifully described in the latter romance. The exploits of the young officer savour somewhat of the marvellous; but it was essential that he, and he alone, should be the vanquisher of the savage. These two early tales of Victor Hugo are full of the spirit and elasticity of youth, before his style got corrupted at Paris, as we have already seen in his dramas.

"Anne Boleyn" by Paul de Musset is a clever historical romance, and as its subject is an interesting one to us, the following extract will show the plan and treatment of the whole.

"Anne Boleyn was tall and thin. She was possessed of a natural grace a thousand times superior to that given by education. The sweetness and gaiety of her character were seen upon her animated countenance, in the corners of a charming mouth, which only lost its smile in the latter days of her misfortunes. Her raven hair was in complete accordance with her complexion, which was of so sparkling a brilliance that she looked as fresh at thirty as she did at eighteen. She had besides, eyes of an incomparable beauty. Their expression and vivacity possessed a power, of which the reader hereafter will be able to judge the effect.

Her hands were very beautiful, and yet upon the little finger of one was seen a nail, deformed by reason of an accident in infancy; she had admirable teeth, but, in examining them with care, one could be discovered in an irregular position. With much attention, it might have been seen that one of her collar-bones jutted out a little more than the other. It is hardly credible that *defects trivial* as these, redeemed by a-hundred rare and envied beauties, should have furnished matter for her enemies, wherewith to make this

woman a species of monster. This cautions us with regard to the reliance to be placed on such writers, when they signal the imperfections of her character, or the errors of her conduct, when they accuse her of corruption and of heresy with a vehemence wherein is discernible hatred, and party spirit.

The faults of this interesting female will neither be omitted, or glossed over; but it will be seen that faults emanated from a good and noble heart, from a generous and elevated soul.

A joke was but little relished in those days of 'homeric rudness,' the success of Anne Boleyn's flashes of wit was the signal for the revolution in the spirit and tone of the court. The Latin elegance of Erasmus had as yet only polished the learned. Women could not be expected to know the works which the universities devoured. The witticisms of the conquerors of Marignan are as heavy as their breastplates. After the battle of Pavia, when Francis, disgusted with war surrounded himself with poets, and artists, the wits totally eclipsed the soldiers. Margaret de Valois, and Anne Boleyn had stamped the change in conversation; Rabelais and Marot stamped it in letters. Without them, neither Moliere nor Madame de Sévigne would have found the road already marked out in the present century. Anne Boleyn's three or four letters to Henry VIII. stolen by Cardinal Campeggio, cannot give a right idea of her merit. The occupations both of ambition and fear, inspired by a jealous and untractable prince, put a yoke upon her spirits, and one finds there sweetness alone. Nor is it in what she wrote at the moment of death, that we must hope to find her celebrated flow of spirits; but we have been fortunate enough to procure some letters addressed by her to her friend of infancy and school days, Miss Anne Savage. This correspondence is all the materials that we have been able to meet with regarding Anne Boleyn's sojourn at the court of Francis I. The events of which it treats have sufficed to establish a suitable order, and notwithstanding the somewhat lengthy gaps, we can follow the developement of our heroine's character, as it arose in the days of her infancy."

Alexandre Dumas, whose versatility is unbounded, has produced many historical works of interest. In description, no one can excel him, but, he "pulls a long bow," and seldom scruples about historical truth if by setting it aside he can gain a stirring incident, or work out the developement of some extraordinary plot. In character he is rather deficient. Give him a subject,—say a bull-fight—to describe, and look over his shoulder while he writes. When you think he is exceeding, pull him in, and at the conclusion you will find yourself transported into the arena, figuring either as a combatant, or a spectator. For instance, refer to the scene in "De Paris *à*

Cadix," a book written during his journey into Spain, upon the occasion of the unfortunate Montpensier marriage. "Marguerite de Valois," and his latest work—we think, though it is impossible to be quite sure on this point—"Les Memoires d'un Médecin," are among his best historical romances. The latter is a strange medley of truth and fiction, and as it comes nearer our present times than any of his other novels do, it is the more open to criticism. Its historical scenes are chiefly drawn from the Cuirassé, and Madame Campani's memoirs of Marie Antoinette. From the former, those treating of the Duchess du Barri, Jean du Barri, and the negro Zamore, governor of St. Luciennes. From the latter, the sketches of the court of Louis XV., of his son afterwards of revolutionary memory, and of his sisters "Loque, Chiffe, and Graille," as the King nicknamed them. Balsamo, the necromancer, is a most absurd character, though useful at times for effect. Jean Jacques Rosseau, too, is dignified into a saintly botanist. However, there is something irresistible in the romances of Dumas; once the first chapter is begun, the whole book is speedily devoured. It is needless to relate the many wonderful stories about his fertility of imagination, and facility of pen, which have been published; they all emanate probably from interested sources. He declared in public that a special courier was always in readiness to carry his manuscripts to the press, but this was for a boast. On the other hand, we hear that he does not write the half of his plays and novels himself, but employs a number of assistants to do so. Perhaps the following, from the pen of an eminent foreigner,* who lately paid him a visit, is the most trustworthy account we have of this "curiosity of literature."

"I generally found the jovial Dumas in bed, even long after midday: here he lay, with paper, pen, and ink, and wrote his newest drama. I found him thus one day; he nodded kindly to me, and said, 'sit down a minute, I have just now a visit from my muse; she will be going directly.' He wrote on; spoke aloud; shouted a viva! sprang out of bed, and said, 'The third act is finished!'"

*H. C. Andersen.

THE ROBIN'S SUPPLICATION.

By B. A. R.

Now, winter with forbidding frown,
  Has spread his snowy veil;
And whitens with his death-cold hand,
  The mountain and the dale.

The rippling brook's smooth course has stopped,
  Submissive to his breath;
Each freezing Zephyr seems to be
  The harbinger of death.

Oh! tell me, winter! why dost thou
  So cruelly deny
The food which nature, but for thee,
  Would give? Ah! tell me, why!

Have I unknowingly rebelled
  Against this iron power,
That on a helpless suppliant thou
  Thy angry looks should'st lower?

No shelter have I from the storm—
  No home my heart to cheer—
No food my craving want supplies;—
  All seems to me despair!

Oh! lady! whose soft smiling eye
  Betokens generous mind,
List, for a moment, to my tale,
  Nor look on me unkind!

A few small crumbs, I pray, bestow,
  Beneath the lattice strewed—
And save a robin, which, alas!
  Will die for want of food!

And Gratitude shall swell my breast
  With tones of Peace and Love;
My song on thee will e'er invoke
  Rich blessings from above!

When Summer with enliv'ning charms
  Shall show her beauties here,
My voice still gratefully will greet
  Each slow succeeding year.

And when thy Maker's mighty arm
  Shall take the soul it gave,
To bless thee still, I ne'er will cease—
  But warble o'er thy grave!

NOCTES DRAMATICÆ.—IV.

By the Author of "Peeps into Shakspere."

Kit Marlowe.

Our first acquaintance with Marlowe was made on the banks of the silv'ry Wye, where we are wont to wander, rod in hand, leisurely whipping the stream, and filling our pannier with its finny spoils. We confess, however, we are not a sportsman in the strict sense of the word.—We cannot sit for hours with persevering industry to compass a fishy existence—we are most independent of rules, never ground bait, or compound villainous pastes to snare a scaly epicure,—nor do we consider it the essential that our stream shall swarm with speckled inhabitants;—our only requisite is, that it shall be picturesque.—None of your muddy canals, that suggest no idea but a dip in the Styx.—None of your lazy, scummy fellows, whose only idea of life seems gathered from a dye-work.—No, ours must be clear and sparkling,—a Champaigne of a brook, now fretting over the pebbles, and now deep and still as a divine; occasionally a bit of a Niagara with plenty of noise and foam,—and we don't object now and then to a mill-wheel,—quite the contrary.—It must be marged by willows and alders that overhang till their tresses nearly lave in the cool ripple, and the sun steal through their foliage in the sweetest of all shadows;—there must be plenty of Salvator-Rosa-like nooks, plenty of high banks, beneath whose stooping we can, "in the mind's eye" see a long-limbed Heron, pondering over his dinner with gravity sufficient to hide "the fate of Cæsar and of Rome." These, with a book in our pocket, and we are well satisfied, though we scarce bring home our supper at night. Old Isaac made us an angler, and often do we lay ourselves along the bank, with violets about us, to con his pleasant pages, in which we picked our earliest acquaintance with the good friend whose writings we are about to consider. His delicious song, "Come live with me, and be my love" so heartily quoted by Walton, was our daily meditation, until every line was as familiar to us as our A. B. C. Its sweetness made us long to dip deeper into Marlowe's writings, which we did without disappointment, though certainly the anticipations it raised were not realized in kind. The character of this poem, which, were it not too well known

we would extract, is so simple and pastoral, that we were not prepared for the nervous and masculine power of his dramatic works. We rather expected a smooth and elegant flow of thought dedicate to the happier phases of life—a style whose inspiration breathed of Arcady, and revelled in Sylvan retirements. But the contrary was the fact. We were startled by a vigour of conception and expression, rising at times to grandeur, and an ambition of intellect, which, though it might not attain the summit of its own aims, certainly soared immeasurably above all his predecessors.

A comparison between him and Lyly is somewhat curious, though it not a little dims the glory of the latter. Lyly was all prim, and starched, fearful of any departure from the established code, stilted in his ideas and expressions, finical in his details, and when his muse has essayed to soar above the trammels of form, it has been immediately pulled down to earth again. But Marlowe knew no law but that of his own genius; his conceptions were always fine, and as is often the case with a powerful mind, his execution bold and rapid, hewed out the design with broad and seemingly careless strokes, and left the whole in rugged and grand magnificence, without deigning to chisel every mantle fold. Nothing that he attempts has the stamp of littleness, and he much oftener strains his powers on subjects too lofty for him than chooses those within his easy grasp, —and it is a fine proof of strong intellect this yearning after high things. He possessed in an eminent degree that faculty of concentrating ideas, which is so distinguishing a characteristic of Shakspere, and in a few words heaped matter, of which another made sentences.

The rise in Dramatic Literature with Marlowe was very great. Lyly's euphnistic writings though they might depict life in that day, were certainly not true delineations of man in every age; delineations to which, when we now read them, we can assign "a local habitation and a name;" but Marlowe did not depict the heart merely as it was exhibited in the sixteenth century, but from observation, and his own mind, drew nature as it is in all centuries. True it is that his representations are generally strained; but still amid much that is unnatural and distorted, glimpses of real life always outshine. They may not inaptly be compared to Turner's paintings, in which, through the glare of ochre and gamboge may still be seen the truthful mirroring of nature.

Marlowe wrote entirely in blank verse, and to him must be

yielded the merit of having brought into general use a style so essential to lofty composition.

The first of his works which we shall notice is "Doctor Faustus," and this priority it deserves from its superior excellence. Although of unequal powers it is a most striking performance, and denotes a genius of no common order. The plot is almost too well known to require recapitulation, but we may mention in brief that it turns on the fable of Doctor Faustus having sold his soul to the devil, in consideration of unlimited power being granted him for twenty-four years, at the end of which time he was carried off by his satanic majesty. Faustus himself is imagined in a bold and daring vein, and is singularly characteristic of Marlowe himself, in his lofty and vehement aspirations after knowledge and power. He is not made a mere necromancer,—a conjurer,—an associate of bottle-imps and blue fire,—of stuffed alligators and other monstrosities, but a man who has exhausted the ordinary stores of knowledge, drained science to the dregs, and glutted his soul with all his quiddities—a man drunk with his own acquirements, searching amid the stars for some new field of speculation. Conjoined with this is a yearning after power, after domination over spirit and matter, which, indeed, would almost necessarily accompany such a state of mind,—and he grasps at magic as the only means of gratifying his desires. Once bent on such a purpose he suffers no impediment to its fulfilment, but dazzled by the anticipated prize, is regardless of consequences. He thus soliloquizes when the idea first suggests itself :—

> How am I glutted with conceit of this!
> Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
> Resolve me of all ambiguities?
> Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
> I'll have them fly to India for gold,
> Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
> And search all corners of the new-found world,
> For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
> I'll have them read me strange philosophy;
> And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
> I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
> And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg:
> I'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
> Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
> The boys soldiers with the coin they bring,
> And chase the prince of Parma from our land;
> And reign sole King of all the provinces:
> Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,

Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

[*Enter Valdes and Cornelius.*

Come German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practice magic and concealed arts.

With his satanic companion, Mephistophilis, he holds many a secret colloquy on the secrets of heaven and hell, and with an evident relish which well accords with the objects for which he bargained away his soul. The occasional prickings of conscience and fits of depression at the certain fate which awaits him, that break upon his dream of felicity, are finely delineated. Hear one of them :—

My heart is hardened ; I cannot repent :
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven :
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenomed steel,
Are laid before me to dispatch myself :
And long ere this I should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair :
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me,
Of Alexander's love, and Œnon's death ?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis ?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair ?
I am resolved Faustus shall not repent.
Come, Mephistophilis, and let us dispute
And reason of divine astrology.

The thoughts excited by the sight of Helen of Troy, whom he has summoned before him, are so very beautiful that we must extract them :—

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul ! see where it flies :
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heav'n is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sack'd ;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest :
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh ! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars ;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appeared to hapless Semele ;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky,
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms.

The close of the play is most powerfully written, and the horrors of his fate made fearfully clear and distinct. The hour of his doom is twelve, and

(The clock strikes eleven.)

Oh! Faustus!
Now hast thou but one short hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heav'n,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but a year,
A month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the hour will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
Oh! I'll leap up to heav'n!—Who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me: Oh, my Christ!
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
Yet will I call on him. Oh! spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now?—'tis gone!
And see, a threat'ning arm, an angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heav'n
No! Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Gape, earth!—Oh no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when ye vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heav'n

(The clock strikes the half-hour.)

Oh! half the hour is past; 'twill all be past anon.
Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd;
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

* * * * *

Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heav'n.

(The clock strikes twelve.)

It strikes, it strikes! now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul! be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

(Thunder. Enter the Devils.)

Oh! mercy heaven, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!—
Ugly hell, gape not!—Come not Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Oh! Mephistophilis! [*Exeunt.*

Some idea may be gathered from this, of the style of Marlowe, but it is impossible adequately to convey the intensity of passion and the vigour of expression throughout the whole play. It is true that the verbiage is sometimes crude and unpolished, but equally certain is it that the thoughts are always grand and massive, and if the minutiæ be not regarded, the outlines are broad and even stupendous.

There is much dispute as to Marlowe's claim to the authorship of "Tamburlaine the Great," and, indeed, no acknowledged conclusion has ever yet been arrived at. Apart from other strong reasons for the belief, we think that there is ample internal evidence of this right. There is that energy and impetuosity which is the leading feature in all his writings—the same largeness of design, freedom of execution, and power of thought,—and although there is a good deal of bombast, there is likewise poetry which could proceed from none but a great mind. "Marlowe's mighty line" is celebrated, and in this play we have many instances. Witness a few which strike us at the moment:—

Dread god of hell
With ebon sceptre strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of us at once.

* * * *

Blood is the god of war's rich livery.

* * * *

That I might move the turning spheres of heav'n!

* * * *

The horse that guide the golden eye of heav'n,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honoured in their governor
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine!

Tamburlaine is a gigantic sketch, one of those ambitious, reckless, restless spirits, whom he so much loved to depict. Passion burns in every word, and pride and boundless arrogance sweep like a torrent till they bear him on to death. We are at a loss where to pause for an extract, so many passages present themselves, but we think we cannot do better than give Tamburlaine's praise of Zenocrate, which is remarkable for its elegance and smoothness, although it is not in the usual vein of the character, but rather exhibits the lion at rest.

Ah! fair Zenocrate! divine Zenocrate!
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,

With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy wat'ry cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rains't on the earth resolved pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where beauty, mother to the muses, sits,
And comments volumes with her Iv'ry pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes, that when Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light.

Although there are many fine passages in "The Rich Jew of Malta," we do not as a whole much admire the play. It is quite in Marlowe's usual energetic style, but it is much too full of unnatural and revolting incident to be acceptable. Barabbas, in accordance with the prejudices of the age, which regarded all Jews with detestation and suspicion, is exhibited as an incarnate fiend, a wretch who delights in bloodshed, who gloats over the death of a Christian as he does over his money-bags: by underhand practices he causes two suitors of his daughter to kill each other,—he poisons a whole nunnery, and his daughter among the rest,—murders a monk who has discovered some of his villainies, and accuses another of the deed, who is in consequence executed;—sells Malta to the Turks, and after their victory, sells them in turn to the Maltese;—seeks to blow up the whole Turkish force, whom he has invited to a feast in an empty monastery, and prepares a cauldron for the especial behoof of the Turkish general, besides many other small crimes which he narrates of his past life. Now this wont do: atrocities like these disgust one more with the play than with the Jew, since none could credit the reality of such imputations, which are equally foreign to nature and good taste. As a specimen of the better portion of the play, we may quote a few lines from a scene wherein Barabbas recovers his concealed treasure by the means of his daughter, who affects to turn a nun, in order to obtain an entrance into the nunnery for the purpose.

Oh! my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity:
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss:
Oh, Abigail, Abigail! that I had thee here too,
Then my desires were fully satisfied,
But I will practice thy enlargement thence:
Oh girl, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my bliss!
* * * *(hugs his bags)*

Now Phoebus ope the eyelids of the day,
And for the raven wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in air
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.

One speech of the Jew's bears a great similarity to that of Shylock, in The Merchant of Venice.—We will extract it. It would be folly to compare the two Jews, the one being a reality, and the other as deformed and unreal a piece of humanity as was ever moulded in the mind of man; but, it is nevertheless true, that Shakspere has condescended to borrow an idea or two from him.

I am not of the tribe of Levi, I,
That can so soon forget an injury.
We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please;
And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's
I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any bare-foot friar,
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,
Or else be gather'd far in our synagogue;
That when the offering-bason comes to me,
Even for charity I may spit into it.

"Edward the second" though generally esteemed Marlowe's best play, inasmuch as it adheres almost entirely to the truth of history, and does not offend against nature, has never been so great a favourite of ours. If it have more smoothness and probability than his other works, it lacks the fire they display; and with one exception, wherein Marlowe has exquisitely succeeded, fails to excite any warm interest. This is not unfrequently the case with historical plays, which do not generally possess sufficient dramatic action to conquer the heart. The death-scene of Edward, however, is beautiful, and full of the most touching woe. We wish we might give it entire, but space forbids,—yet, we cannot resist extracting a part.

EDW. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink,
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
And there in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd

And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
Oh! would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.

LIGHTBORN. Oh! speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest thyself awhile.

EDW. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death;
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

* * * *

LIGHT. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

EDW. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh! if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul?

Space is not left us to treat of Marlowe's other works at length. "Lust's Dominion" again deals in the extremes of life, and has few charms to attract us to it, though it has occasional passages of great spirit and beauty. "Dido, Queen of Carthage," a play wherein the ancient Mythology figure together with Eneas and the Trojan heroes immortalized by Virgil, has many fine lines well worthy of notice, were time and space propitious, but we must e'en deny ourselves.

We trust, however, that what has already been given, will have favorably inclined our readers towards our author, of whose vigour of imagination, however, such fugitive specimens convey but a a very imperfect idea.

Marlowe brings us down to Shakspere's day, where again commences a race of giants whose achievements in Dramatic Literature irresistibly demand admiration.

GRIEF NOT LASTING.

By M. W. H.

No! no! not now, another time,
I'll hear thy tale of joy;
My heart will then be free from care,
And grief's unblest alloy.

Thou would'st not mingle youth with age,
The living with the dead,
Or with the garments of the tomb,
Bedeck the bridal bed.

Thou wouldst not plant the blooming rose,
Whilst hoary winter reigns;
Or waste its sweetness on the winds,
Or o'er the desert plains.

Wait 'till the sun of May appears,
Or April lends its showers,
To chase the wint'ry clouds away,
And ope the budding flowers.

Wait till the sunny voice of love,
Shall drive away my sorrow;
Then shall I hear thy tale of joy,
It will be—but—to-morrow.

Grief, is the Winter of the mind;
Hope, the returning Spring;
Joy is the Summer's genial rays,
That rip'ning blossoms bring.

What though the evening's Sun descends,
Behind the western main;
He tells us, by his rosy beams,
That he will come again.

Then let us not—though evening's clouds
Obscure the dark'ning skies,—
Despair, or think, no other Sun,
Again shall ever rise.

A CHRONICLE OF THE COURT OF WURTEMBERG.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HAUFF.)

By G. I. Knox.

CHAPTER I.

Within the memory of man there has not been known at Stutgard so brilliant a Carnival as that of the year 1737. On seeing the vast ball-rooms constructed for this occasion, the luxury of ornament with which they were decorated, and the numerous banqueting-rooms and dancing-booths of every denomination erected on all sides for the accommodation alike of rich and poor, a stranger would not have believed himself in Wurtemberg, in that grave and serious quarter of Germany, among a people professing a religion whose austere tenets forbade all public rejoicings of this kind, and in a state moreover which had for some years back been groaning under a load of suffering and misery, the fatal consequences resulting from the evil system of an all-powerful Minister.

The most brilliant of these festivals took place on the 12th of February. Upon this day was celebrated the natal anniversary of the Jew Süss, Cabinet Minister, and financial director. On that very morning the reigning Duke had sent him a variety of magnificent presents, the most valuable of which was an edict, by virtue of which his Serene Highness declared his Minister freed from all responsibility, for the past and for the future. A vast concourse of persons of all grades of condition, and of every age, whom he had placed in the offices of men of honour and respectability, inundated the staircases of his princely residence, and besieged his antechambers, hastening with servile adulation to offer their felicitations on this auspicious occasion; and more than one honorable functionary found himself drawn into this demonstration, though sorely against his will, through the fear of injuring his family, or of losing his place.

In the evening also, the same motives attracted to the ball-room not only the friends and partisans of Süss, but also the men who though most heartily detesting both the man and his measures dared not expose themselves to his resentment. As to the population, it sought in these days of merry-making and intoxication, to drown care as would a drunkard, with

the wine cup, and thus, for a few hours at least, lose the memory of its wrongs and sufferings, forgetting that the tax which all paid for admittance into the ball-rooms, was but another impost invented by the insatiable Jew.

Amid the general hum of voices in the ball-room, there was all at once a dead silence; the large folding doors were thrown wide open, and there entered a man of about forty years of age, with rather large and marked features, and sparkling black eyes. He wore a white domino, a white hat ornamented with a plume of red feathers, and a mask but negligently attached to his face; there was nothing for the rest, very remarkable in his costume, save a *solitaire* of extraordinary size, which confined a scarlet silk handkerchief carelessly knotted round the neck, and which floated in loose folds over his domino. Leaning on his arm was a young lady of slight, but elegant proportions, wearing an oriental costume, covered with gold, and gems of priceless value; and who, from the richness of her dress, as well as the beauty of her figure, was the general point of attraction.

"The Minister! the Minister!" murmured the crowd, hastily opening a passage through its ranks for this important personage, who acknowledged the courtesy by a polite yet haughty salutation. When he had reached the middle of the ball-room, the trumpets sounded a lively flourish; a vast number of masks saluted his appearance by loud acclamations, while others turned away with pain and disgust from this humiliating spectacle. But the beautiful Oriental who accompanied the Minister, excited general interest; every one knew Süss' laxity of morals, and were strongly disposed to believe that this foreign costume hid one of his mistresses, though they knew of none who bore such an air of distinction. This one was too little, that one had not so elegant a figure, another those graceful movements, a fourth that magnificent hair and those beautiful black eyes, which they could plainly discern sparkling through the mask.

When under circumstances similar to those which now occupy us, the curiosity of a crowd is not immediately satisfied, it soon turns its attention to other objects.

"When the foreigner will please to unmask," said one, "we shall then see who she is." But there were in the room three men who seemed as though they would never tire of following and observing her.

"I would willingly pay the Jew fifty entrance-tickets,"

cried one of them, "if he would only condescend to inform me from whence comes this woman, who appears like a queen among us."

"Brother," replied the second, "I know not, on my honor how to reconcile with one another so many evident incoherencies, this noble carriage, these graceful motions, this gait at the same time light and majestic, with—"

"On my life" rejoined the first, "you are in the right: how could such a woman come with Süss to the ball?"

"She evidently does not belong to any family that we know, for even supposing it were true, as we have been assured, that more than one servile hound has not hesitated in sending his daughter to present a request or petition to the Jew, not a man would be, I trust, so lost to all sense of shame as thus to post his own daughter on a public assembly like this."

"For Heaven's sake, speak not so loud, the Minister has spies everywhere. Think of your family. Do you wish to ruin yourself? But you are in the right; this woman belongs not to the best society of this city; and yet, to judge by her appearance, it is impossible to believe that she can be a Burgher's daughter. But who is this Turk coming towards us? See! his turban is of the same colour as our fair incognita."

The two other men remarked in fact a man of lofty and noble stature, who was distinguished no less by the elegant simplicity of his costume than by the dignity of his carriage. He appeared also on his post to have recognised the three young men; he walked straight up to them, and then stopped short.

"What is your device?" demanded one of the young men, who fancied he recognised a friend in the new comer.

"*Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus,*" replied the Turk.

"'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Gustavus, cried two of the young men, cordially pressing his hand. "We did well in giving you a countersign, for I, for my part should not have recognised you. I even staked a bottle of Champagne that you would come here disguised as a peasant."

"Come to the refreshment-room," said the second, "I want to introduce you to somebody who particularly wishes to see you."

"I cannot accept your offer," replied Gustavus, "I have serious motives for not wishing to unmask."

"And supposing the person who desires to see you were Pinassa!"

"What! Pinassa! with whom you fought.—Ah! that is quite another affair,—but I cannot unmask, save for an instant, and in the most obscure part of the refreshment-room."

"As you please; but you must tell us why you do not wish to show your face to your intimate friends.',

The young men entered one of the refreshment-rooms, where they found an unoccupied table, at which the Turk, by turning his back to the company, could unmask without fear of discovery. When they had filled their glasses, the one who bore the title of Captain, said to Gustavus :—

"I have the honour of presenting to you the incomparable cavalier Von Pinassa, the most celebrated swordsman of the day, for he has had the glory of putting me *hors de combat* in the park of Leipsic, a circumstance which we all remember. He has renounced the muses, and has bid adieu to Minerva to consecrate himself henceforth to Bellona, and he is now a lieutenant in the service of Wurtemberg."

"The exchange is not a bad one Herr Von Pinassa," said Gustavus, "and I rejoice at it for my country's sake. Since you desired to enter the service of Wurtemberg, you have chosen the most fitting career. He who devotes himself to civil employments has but little chance of success, unless indeed he is willing to purchase his place with hard cash, or to sell his honor and conscience to the Jew. But these walls have ears, let us speak of something else. How like you the post you now occupy? The Duke is a man of courage under whom I would gladly see an army of two-hundred-thousand men. War is his pastime, and his whole delight consists in military affairs. Unfortunately he has but little time to occupy himself with anything else; hence it follows that all things here are managed by Jews. They say he is a great general; he has had some noble encounters with Prince Eugene, and I should say that with this martial air, and that scar on your brow, such a man as yourself could not fail of being well greeted in his army."

"You speak well!" said the captain. "Now unmask, and show us your face, that my friend may know with whom he is speaking. You see before you," added he, turning towards the lieutenant, "my excellent friend Lanbeck, doctor *in utroque jure*, only son of the illustrious Advocate Lanbeck, under whom he fills the office of Registrar. A good fellow as ever lived, on my honour, but who would be still better if he

would not abandon himself to a strange sort of melancholy, and if he were not quite so sensitive to the charms of the fair sex."

At these words, Lanbeck removed his mask, and disclosed to the view of his new acquaintance a countenance of remarkable beauty. From beneath his turban there escaped a profusion of fair hair, which fell in natural ringlets around his fine and open countenance; a rather high nose, and a pair of deep blue eyes imparted to his countenance an expression of boldness and gravity, which contrasted with the almost feminine delicacy of complexion. "I am charmed to see you, Herr Von Pinassa," said he, "and I drink this glass of wine to your health. And now excuse me, I pray you, I must leave you now."

"And for your punishment," cried the captain with emphasis, "you shall drink two glasses. But all this appears to me very singular: come, be frank, you have been here already this evening in a peasant's dress, and no one is aware that you are now in this Turkish costume."

Gustavus, colouring deeply, extended his hand to his friend, and made an affirmative sign.

"A thousand devils!" resumed the captain, "what project can you have? Who would ever have expected to see the grave Registrar twice change his costume so quickly; and this embarrassment, this mystery, this uneasiness, is it with the Jew then that you have an appointment?"

Gustavus blushed still deeper, and hastened to replace his mask.

"Ha! ha! my friend," said Reelzinger, "I see what's going on; you wear a turban of the same colour as that of the beautiful sultana who accompanies the minister, you live opposite to the Jew; I would lay a wager now that you know who this woman is."

"How should I know!" murmured Lanbeck beneath his mask.

"You shall not budge one step from this until you have told us all about it," cried the captain, "and if you persist in keeping silence, I will glide up to your sultana, and whisper in her ear that you have betrayed her secret."

"You would not dare to commit this indiscretion if I were to beg you seriously not to do so; but if it be permitted me to relate my own suppositions, I believe that this woman is Leah Oppenheimer, the minister's sister; and now, adieu! If you meet me in the ball-room recollect you do not know me; and you, Reelzinger, if my father asks—"

"I'll say that I have not seen you."

Lanbeck rose from his seat and left the room. His friends gazed after him, knowing not what to think of this incident. They were aware that the Jew had lately brought his sister to Stutgard, but they had understood that she was still too young to be introduced into society.

"Did you not remark," said Reelzinger, "how embarrassed our friend was just now? Mark my words if his satanic majesty don't play this honest boy some vile trick or other before long."

CHAPTER II.

Gustavus, his countenance flushed and his chest heaving with emotion, passed from room to room observing the guests with a rapid and nervous glance. In the middle of the second saloon he was borne along by the crowd close to the card-table, at which the Minister was seated in company with some councillors of state. Piles of gold lay heaped in profusion on the cloth. The spectators gazed with eager curiosity on this master of the country, and remarked with what an air of indifference he lost and gained considerable sums of money.

Gustavus had never before stood so close to the Minister, and despite his hatred of the man he was obliged to own to himself that the countenance of the statesman was a noble and distinguished one, that the habit of command had imparted to his forehead and eyes an imposing character; but the deep wrinkles beneath his eyebrows, and thin moustache which shadowed the upper lip imparted also to his physiognomy a cunning and wicked expression, while the little shrill constrained laugh which the minister from time to time indulged in, completely chilled the heart of the young legislator.

All at once, a man clad in the garments of a peasant, pushed his way through the ranks of the spectators. He had an old hat on his head, and wore a great coat of coarse stuff, breeches of yellow leather, black stockings, and an artfully-painted mask. Leaning, according to the custom of the country, on a knotted stick, he placed his chin upon his hands, and said in the dialect peculiar to one of the districts of Wurtemburg:—

"What a lot of money you have got there, sir! And you have won all that yourself, eh?"

The Minister forced a laugh at this freedom of speech peculiar to Carnival time: perhaps he also desired to give himself an air of popularity.

"Good evening, compatriot," said he with an affectionate air.

"Compatriot!" replied the peasant calmly: "I am no compatriot of yours. Look you, the Jews don't dress like me."

"The spectators could not repress a slight smile. The minister would not perceive it.

"You are witty, my friend," he rejoined.

"Your friend! Ah! I am no friend of yours. If I were, you would not see me going about in this old coat and worn-out hat, for you enrich your friends."

"Then all Wurtemburg is my friend, for I enrich it," replied Süss with a little affected laugh.

"No one understands like you the art of making money. What beautiful ducats you have got there, and how many drops of sweat from the brows of the poor it would take to make as many."

"You are a strange fellow," said the Jew, re-commencing his game.

The mask was about to reply, when a new comer attracted the attention of the bystanders; it was a man clad also in a peasant's costume and wearing a long beard.

"Ah, John!" cried the peasant, shaking him by the hand, "from whence do you come? and how is it that you have made yourself so handsome to-night?"

"I am," replied the new comer, "in the service of a famous flayer."

"Eh! what's that?"

"Ah! my flayer is not one of those men who amuse themselves by skinning horses, dogs, or other animals; my man only flays human beings. Moreover, he is a card maker."

"How is that?"

"Yes: he puts a stamp upon all cards sold in the country. He is a tanner also: it is from him that you must purchase all the hides which are tanned in Wurtemburg. He is a coiner too: 'tis he who makes all the money in the state."

"You mean to say," cried the peasant, "that he converts into money everything that exists in the land. But why do you wear this pointed beard, this Jewish beard?"

"It is the fashion, now that the Jews are masters of the country. Soon I shall be entirely a Jew."

"Wait a few weeks longer," cried a voice which proceeded from a compact group of spectators. "Ere long you will be able to become a good catholic."

He, only, who has witnessed the bursting of a powder-mill,

can form an idea of the explosion which followed these words. The minister, pale as death, started up from the play-table, and exclaimed in accents of fury:

"Who said that? Arrest him in the name of the duke!"

So saying, he dashed into the middle of the throng. His partisans, more collected than himself, endeavoured to restrain him, to calm him. His eyes, sparkling with rage sought to penetrate the crowd, he gave orders that the peasant should be instantly arrested, but this individual and his companion during the confusion had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

Gustavus had witnessed this sudden commotion without being able to explain to himself the nature of the event. He was standing in the middle of the ball-room, absorbed in his own reflections, when all at once he felt the pressure of a little hand upon his arm; turning quickly round, he perceived standing beside him the figure of the fair Oriental.

"From whence comes the rose which you wear in your turban?" demanded she in a trembling voice.

"From the shores of the sea of Tiberias," was the reply.

"Follow me unhesitatingly," she continued, and so saying, she glided through the crowd. He followed her guidance through the numerous and closely-packed groups, his eyes fixed on the head-dress which she wore, his heart palpitating with emotion, his ears still vibrating with the accents of that sweet voice. On reaching the farther extremity of the second saloon, she turned round and said to him:—

"Tell me, I conjure you, what has happened! I heard my brother's name pronounced on all sides. I know not what they say, but I'm uneasy. Alas! your countrymen love not our people."

Gustavus was painfully affected. Ought he to destroy the illusion of this amiable young girl? ought he to tell her that her brother had drawn down upon himself the maledictions of the whole of Wurtemburg; that in their family prayers they added these words: "Lord deliver us from all evil, and from the Jew Süss"? No! he could not find in his heart to make such a revelation.

"Leah!" replied he, re-assure yourself. It was merely an idle joke which moved your brother to anger; that's all."

"Silly girl that I am!" resumed the Oriental; "I have had some sad dreams lately, and ever since morning I have felt quite overcome. The slightest circumstance terrifies me;

I am constantly thinking of my brother, and fancying that something will happen to him."

"Leah!" murmured Gustavus, in order to divert the young girl's attention from her own sad thoughts, "do you not recollect what you promised me? will you not grant me one hour that we may be enabled to converse together?"

"I consent," replied she, after a moments hesitation. "Sahra my nurse, is at the door, and she will accompany us; but where shall we go?"

"I have made the necessary arrangements, come, do not lose sight of me, and turn to the right when you leave the saloon."

The Minister when giving directions for the construction of the saloons destined for the holding of the Carnival balls, had caused several small private apartments to be erected, in which those who chose it might separate themselves from the general crowd and preserve their incognito. The Registrar had, by means of a third party, succeeded in hiring one of these apartments, and there, by his orders, a collation was served up. Leah was flattered by these marks of attention on the part of the young Christian.

"How delightful," said she, "it is to be enabled to take off this fatiguing mask! But there is no mirror; you must be my looking-glass, and tell me if in the tumult my hair has become disarranged."

Gustavus contemplated the young girl with feelings of the liveliest emotion. Her countenance offered the perfect type of eastern beauty. Her regular and delicate features; the large dark eyes overshadowed with their long and silky lashes; the strongly-marked and finely-arched eyebrows; the jet-black hair which fell in undulating curls upon the snowy neck; the full, ripe, and pulpy lips of a brilliant vermillion; and then the eastern costume, the magnificent pearls,—all united to produce such a degree of fascination, that Gustavus fancied he beheld before him one of those ideal images, the offspring of a poet's imagination:—

"In truth," exclaimed he, "you resemble Armida, and when I recal to mind the noble and graceful women whom we read of in the Sacred Book, I fancy I behold in you the personification of a Rebecca, or a Jeptha's daughter."

"Ah! and that's just what I have often said to myself," cried old Sahra, "when I have seen my child, my Leah, in her holyday attire."

The nurse seated herself at the table, on which a variety of refreshments had already been laid, and the young man seated himself beside Leah.

"Now tell me frankly," said he, "why you are so sad; you could scarcely restrain your tears yesterday, and to day I have remarked upon your brow a cloud I would gladly dissipate. Do you not know that I am your devoted friend, and that I would go through all the world to give you a moment's pleasure?"

"Ah! I know it, I know it," replied she, "and it is that knowledge which sheds a ray of joy and sunshine through all my unhappiness. When I saw you for the first time passing our garden, when, after that, you spoke kindly to me, I felt sure that you were not prejudiced against our unhappy race like other Christians, and I repeat to you that it was that knowledge which gave me pleasure. And yet, I am far from being happy. At Frankfort, I had my own friends around me, friends who knew and loved me. I knew nothing of the world or its castes, its religion, its prejudices; I was ignorant of the disdain with which Christians look upon us, I lived in peace. My brother summoned me to Stutgard. They had told me that he had become rich and powerful; that he governed the country, and I own to you that I inwardly rejoiced in thinking of the brilliant prospects which fortune had in store for me."

At these words her voice was lost in tears, and Gustavus considered it best to let her weep without restraint. Of all the painful emotions which agitate the human heart, the most distressing is, perhaps, that which may be denominated self-pity; that feeling which seizes us when, beholding the wreck of all our fondly-cherished hopes of worldly happiness and prosperity, we return in thought to the time when these hopes smiled cheerfully upon us, and when we beheld in imagination a brilliant and happy future shining before us.

"I have been deceived in my expectations," resumed Leah, after a moment's silence. "Never before have I been so lonely and wretched as I now am in the house of my brother. I cannot show myself either at his balls or at his dinner parties. From my solitary chamber I hear the distant strains of the music, and they send me up cakes and sweetmeats as they would to a child still too young to appear in society. If I pray my brother to allow me to take part in the administration

of his household he repels me, sometimes with cold words, but at other times he will make me a dreadful reply."

"And what reply does he make you then?"

"One day he said to me with a sorrowful look, and heaving a deep sigh, 'I do not wish to destroy you also. It is my wish that you should unceasingly pray the God of our Fathers, and that your spotless soul may devote itself to ransom my lost soul.'"

"Wretched superstitions;" cried the young man. "And so you, poor child, must be deprived of all the pleasures and enjoyments of your age because your brother—"

"But what crime has he then committed?" cried Leah eagerly. "And what am I to expiate? His words terrify me. I know not how it is, but it seems to me as if some catastrophe hung over my brother's head, and that all he does is not good. No one can clear up my doubts upon this subject. When I interrogate Sahra she evades my questions, or else replies to me in mysterious terms that my brother is the avenger of our people."

"Your brother," replied Gustavus, "has powerful adversaries; several of his financial measures have been blamed. But be tranquil; the Duke," he added with a bitter smile, "has this day given him certain letters patent which place him beyond the reach of all danger."

"Ah! how grateful I ought to be to that good prince! My brother has then no one to fear. The Christian will not be unable to prosecute him. But you do not answer. Confess it, you love not my poor brother?"

"Your poor brother! if indeed he were poor, I could perhaps honour his talents; but why occupy ourselves so long with him? I love you, and were your brother a demon, I should not love you less. Only promise me one thing, and as a pledge of your sincerity, give me your hand."

Leah placed her hand unhesitatingly within that of Gustavus, regarding him with a look of mingled tenderness and inquietude.

"Never more ask your brother to permit your appearance at his parties; inquire not my motives for thus desiring your absence from them. If I knew that you had appeared but at one of his numerous circles, I would never speak to you again."

Leah, strangely moved by these words, was about to ask an explanation of this enigma, when the sound of several voices

in loud and animated discussion apparently proceeding from persons engaged in an altercation with the police agents disturbed the interview of the two lovers.

"Good Heavens!" cried Lanbeck, "I recognise my father's voice. Return to the ball-room with Sahra, take the key of this room with you, perhaps we shall be able to meet again this evening."

So saying, he hastily pressed his lips on Leah's forehead and darted out of the chamber. A large crowd had collected in the corridor and was pressing round the door of a neighbouring apartment. Gustavus, attracted by the sound of his father's voice, pushed his way through the group of listeners and entered the room. The old advocate was standing in the middle of the apartment in company with five of his friends, who appeared endeavouring to calm him. It was a dangerous thing at that time to engage in a contention with the police, a body which the Jew had at that time under his especial protection, and more than one honest burgher had been cruelly punished for a like temerity. But old Lanbeck openly resisted the agents of the police, who sought to surround him. This discussion had begun to assume a serious character, when all at once the arrival of young Lanbeck caught the attention of the chief of the band;—

"In the name of the Duke," cried he, "arrest this Turk. That is the man we want."

At these words, three men threw themselves upon Gustavus, without giving him a moment's time either to defend himself, or to escape; he dared not invoke his father's assistance, nor even allow himself to be recognised by him; he dreaded the paternal anger, even more than he did the violence of the Jew.

This capture made, the chief of the police begged old Lanbeck and his friends to excuse the impetuosity which had been displayed by himself and his agents in the progress of their search, and gave orders that the young man should be led forth. On passing through the corridor, Gustavus heard a feeble cry, and looking round perceived the turban of the fair Sultana.

He was taken to the main guard, and ushered into the officer's guard-room; the officer on guard pointed with his finger to a bench placed in one corner of the apartment. Gustavus stretched himself upon it, and soon, exhausted with fatigue, fell into a deep sleep.

On the following morning he was roused by the beating of

the drum; he gazed in turns on his masquerade habiliments and on the bench whereon he had passed the night; at length he was enabled to collect his thoughts, and to recal to mind the series of incidents which had brought him hither, he approached the window; the square was still deserted; the voices of a few soldiers only disturbed the silence of a sombre winter's morning; he heard the city clocks strike eight, and he said to himself with anxiety:—"My father will soon ask to see me, what will be his surprise and pain when he learns that I did not return last night." In the habitual regularity which distinguished the house of old Lanbeck, the absence of Gustavus would be in fact, an extraordinary event. The old Advocate was accustomed to breakfast every morning at eight precisely; his son would enter the breakfast-room at the same hour; both would converse together on the news of the day, of the progress of affairs, and frequently of the all-powerful Minister who ruled the country. The breakfast over, the young Registrar would kiss his father's hand, and at a quarter to nine would betake himself to his duties at the Court of Chancery. Recalling to mind this invariable custom, Gustavus said to himself:—"Now Jane is bringing in the coffee, now my father is looking towards the door expecting to see me enter: he is going to have me called. Why, oh why must I give him this pain!" Thus speaking he cast his turban on the floor, hid his face in his hands and after a few moments' reflection resolved to inform himself of the motives of his arrest as soon as he should see the officer.

The drum was again beaten, the guard was changed; soon afterwards an officer entered the room, cast a rapid glance upon the prisoner, and depositing his sword on the table, seated himself; Lanbeck moved: "Good morning Sir," said the officer addressing him, "will you do me the honour of partaking of my breakfast with me?"

Gustavus recognised the voice; he approached, and the two young men mutually uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Upon my honour," said Reelzinger, "This is the last place in the world I should have expected to see you. By what chance were you arrested? Blankenbers was right when he said that you would commit some piece of folly."

"It is for you to inform me why I have been arrested," replied Gustavus. "You are the officer of the guard, and must know—"

"How should I know! Am I in the Jew's confidence? The

officer whom I relieved said to me only: ' You will find a man up stairs, who was arrested at the Carnival ball last night by express order ; that's the way he always acts.' "

" Who ?"

" Who ? Your brother-in-law *in spe* to be sure, the Jew."

" The Jew ! is it possible ? I fancied I was the victim of some mistake. You are aware of course of the scene that took place a moment after I left you, and the anger that this scene excited in the mind of the Minister. But why do you appear so much agitated ? it was but a Carnival joke."

" A joke is often a more serious affair than one imagines."

" What can you mean ?" replied the Registrar, " why this pensive countenance ? have you any pressing debts, and can I be of any service to you ?"

" My friend," replied the Captain, " you must indeed have been singularly absorbed all last week by your love affair, not to have noticed a variety of things which, scatter-brained as I am have not escaped my attention. What opinions does your father hold upon the state of affairs. Does not Colonel Von Reuder visit him, and do not the prelates assemble at your house every Friday evening ?"

"You speak in riddle," cried Gustavus with surprise ; "what possible connection can there be between my father, the prelates and a Colonel of cavalry ? "

"Come, come, no subterfuges," retorted Reelzinger: " I treat not such affairs lightly, though I do not wish you to violate your word ; but I can assure you I know many things already, and I give you my word my ideas on the subject are those of an officer and a man of honour."

"What do I care for your title of nobility, or your epaulette?" cried Gustavus. " I declare to you that I do not comprehend one word of all these mysterious allusions, and on this subject I can give you my word of honour ; let that suffice."

" Yes, since you say so, I believe it, but I must say your father ought to have taken you into his confidence ; and as for yourself, you would do well to renounce your insane love for the Jewess, with whom you can never seriously contemplate an alliance."

" What do you know of my love affairs ?" replied the young Registrar bitterly ; "before taking the liberty of remonstrating with me, you might at least wait until your advice was asked."

The fiery Captain was about to make an angry retort, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door ; he opened it, ex-

changed a few words with a sergeant on the landing, and re-appeared with a disturbed countenance.

"You are about to receive a singular visit," said he to his friend. "*He* wishes to have a private interview with you here.

"Who! my father?" cried Gustavus.

"No," replied the Captain hastily seizing his cap and sword, "the Jews Süss himself."

WHAT DO WE WANT?

By Tribunus.

If one were to believe the statements of some of our modern hereditary legislators in the Houses of Parliament,—for there are hereditary legislators in "both our houses,"—statements which are supported, backed up, and re-echoed by that portion of the press which is in the pay, or at the service of these hereditary monopolists of wisdom,—no class in this country have any grievance to be redressed, no reform to be desired: it would appear that those amongst the working classes who wish to have that which is their inherent right, a voice in the affairs of their country, and those amongst the middle classes who entertain a similar claim, are merely wild visionaries, frantic enthusiasts, rabid politicians, whose better reason has long since fled, and has left some confused mass of ethereal matter productive of nought but wild monstrous schemes, castles in the air, Utopian fabrics, &c., &c., in its place.

One would imagine, from their representations, that Great Britain was the "El Dorado" of human existence; that peace and plenty and prosperity existed in every quarter, and grew spontaneously from its soil, and luxuriously as blackberries; that the streets were all paved with gold and silver; and, to borrow a somewhat homely phrase, that the ducks and geese and other inirting fowls were running about "ready dressed," entreating in the kindest and most earnest manner of the passers by "to come and eat them."

In short, one would suppose that we had neither, army, legislators—hereditary or otherwise,—to support; no taxes to pay; no poor to maintain; no Church to contribute to; no pensioners to reward for past, present, or future services;—"*no, nothing*" at all to do, but to eat, drink, sleep, and amuse ourselves.

Or, if our fancies were less exuberant, we might possibly be led to suppose that although we had all these things to do,

they were really the most agreeable occupations in the world; that to pay sixty millions of taxes annually and some fifty millions more, in the shape of poor rates, Church rates, land rates, and water rates, and all the rates that can possibly be rated, was the sum of all human happiness; and this, too, although we denied ourselves the comforts of life, our children education, or, perhaps, even pledged our coats to clothe the thousand-and-one who prey upon our existence, and live by our exertions.

What a grumbling fellow an Englishman is, he is never satisfied—he has to pay income tax, and assessed tax, and malt tax, and sugar tax, and police tax, and some fifty other taxes, and yet he is not satisfied! What can he want? What does he wish for? What grievances—real, substantial grievances,—has he to complain of? What reform can he ask for or expect as a rational intelligent being?

All he has to do is to support the state, maintain the laws, preserve the peace, work hard, pay his way, live like an honest man, and then he dies—a pauper, and his children are provided for by public subscription, either voluntary or involuntary, and find their way, in due course of time, to the wilds of Canada, the deserted tracts of Australia, or the interesting solitudes of Norfolk Island.

If this be not the supreme of human bliss—the golden vision which all would gladly contemplate when the heart beats warm and the breast heaves with love to man and gratitude to God—visions which the poor man may possibly sometimes look upon, in the mind's eye, according to the doctrines of modern sages,—we mistake them very much indeed, and should be most happy to stand corrected.

On the other hand, we are to believe that the duties of our law-makers are the most odious and disagreeable in the world; that it is really dreadful to attend alternately at the "House" and the "Opera;" perfectly shocking to receive handsome salaries for nothing, or for some visionary service which the receivers-general coin out of their own brains to justify to themselves the propriety of living on the bounty of the State; and that one of the most dreadful conditions to which one can be exposed is to be compelled to spend the said salaries as is most agreeable, hunt, fish, fowl, and "live like a gentleman."

This may be so: such a thing is quite possible, but by no means within the bounds of probability: perhaps some of the parties alluded to would feel disposed to change places with the grumbling tax-payer: if so, there can be little doubt of his

being "accommodated" without delay.

Edmund Burke, that monument of sublime genius and practical folly, styled the nobility and gentry "the cheap defence of nations:" this may have been the case in his day; but assuredly now-a-days they are amongst the most costly forms of defensive fortifications that can possibly be constructed: the "Cinque Ports" are much cheaper, and just as good; Woolwich garrison is far more effectual; and even Tilbury Fort vastly superior.

We can understand that a nobility and a gentry, such as once existed in "merrie England," (who would now call her merry?) standing at the foot of the throne and at the head of the people, the protectors of their lawful Sovereign, the supporters of their country's rights, and the affectionate guardians of the humbler classes of their brethren, would be cheap at any price; but that a class distinguished for little more than the zeal which they display for place, and power, and pension, should be cheap, even at a shilling a year, is more than we can acknowledge.

Severed from the people by their pursuits, their tastes, and their affections, they occupy a position of which they are unworthy, and which tends to the demoralisation of society, and not to the advantage of the country. They have simply forgotten that they have duties to perform, which Nature by her own irrefragible laws has decided to be also their interests.

But shall we condemn the whole because a part is unworthy? Shall we consign the trunk to the axe because the branches are diseased? Shall we destroy the crop because the tares are mingled with it? No! Thank Heaven! the race of the Howards, and the Percys, and the Stanleys, are not yet extinct—the descendants of the heroes of Runnymede, and Cressy, and Agincourt, are not yet superseded by a Russell or a Brougham; the gentle blood of Old England is not altogether tainted by the impure stream from Lombard Street: they will yet assert their position, and once more stand forth as the defenders of a Nation's rights at the head of the patient, enduring, and industrious English people. Then will they indeed be the cheap defence of the Nation,—sustained in the affections of the people, they will be supported by their giant arm, and we shall be rescued from the devouring grasp of the purse-proud *millionaire*, and defended from the tread of the hostile foot.

They have but to know what the people suffer and what they feel, and the watchword will be "To the rescue, St. George and Old England!"

THE CROSS-ROAD GRAVE.

A WELSH LEGEND OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

No silver cloudlet sailed aloft,
The round moon hung on high,
A thousand large and lustrous stars
Lit up the winter sky.

The chimney on each cottage roof,
Was crowned with dazzling snow;
And snow lay sheeted on the fields,
That spread away below.

The village spire was tipp'd with white,
The loaded tree-tops bow'd;
And meadow, valley, plain, and hill,
Were wrapp'd in glittring shroud.

The wild wind whirled the crisped drifts
In eddies round the trees;
And made each meadow like a lake,
When whiten'd by a breeze.

Beneath the load of silvery flakes,
That cloth'd the roads with white,
Green holly glistened in the hedge,
In Luna's frosted light.

But down the bare bough-arched way,
Illumed with radiance pale,
As the cold morning light that fills
A long cathedral aisle,

Like spirits of another world,
A crowding burial throng,
With glaring torch and taper light,
Comes hurriedly along.

Now some advance before the rest,
Unto the destined place,
Where four roads meet, and now they stop,
To clear a little space.

And now the mattock's ringing blow
Is echoing around;
As silently, but hurriedly,
They break the frost-chained ground.

Unto the yawning cross-road grave,
The place where he had died,
They brought him on a hurdle bier—
The youthful suicide.

They laid him in his lonely bed,
And dust to dust restored;
Right sullen fell the clods of earth,
Upon his coffin board.

But silently—without a tear—
They laid him in his bed;
In that unconsecrated spot,
Where every foot might tread.

No robed priest stood by his grave,
To breathe the funeral pray'r;
The swelling of no burial hymn,
Rose on the midnight air.

A mound was rais'd upon the spot;
A stake thrust at the head;
Grim solitary mark to show
Where slept the lonely dead!

But when they who had placed him there
Had each man gone his way,
To spend in revelry the night,
And hail the New Year's day,

A muffled figure from the fields,
Came forth upon the road;
And crept unto the new-made grave—
The desolate abode.

Where he—the cherished only son—
So unregretted slept;
And the lonely mother sat her down
Upon the mound, and wept.

The giddy snow-drifts eddied by,
But swept unheeded past;
She car'd not for the wandering wind,
Nor felt the bitter blast.

The blood cours'd through her throbbing veins,
In fierce and boiling tide;
"O powers of darkness aid me now!"
The lonely mother cried.

"My hapless child lies lonely there;
And is it meet that he,
Who honour'd me so much in life,
Should thus dishonour'd be?"

And now the mattock's ringing blow,
Again re-echoes round,
As mournfully, but hurriedly,
She delves the frost-chain'd ground.

"I'll dig until I reach the corse!"
She said with sobbing breath;
"And as he cherished me in life,
I'll cherish him in death.

He shall not lie without a tear,
In this unhallowed bed—
In this unconsecrated spot,
Where every foot may tread."

* * * *

The New Year's day breaks light and clear;—
The mother still doth stand
Beside the lonely cross-road grave—
The mattock in her hand.

But life is frozen in her veins,
No light is in her eye;
For Death has passed and stricken her,
As he went riding by.

Her face is pallid as the snow,
That hangs around her form;
And there she stands a ghastly sight,
The victim of the storm.

Her clothes like marbled tapestry,
Hang stiff upon the breast
That nurs'd him, and the rigid hands,
That rocked him to rest.

* * * *

They bore the mother to her grave,
Within the churchyard wall;
But over him the horse may ride,
The traveller's footstep fall.

They left him lying there alone,
In that unhonor'd bed;
That all might see and loathe the grave,
Of th'unregretted dead.

But they could not let him moulder there,
For a strange and ghostly sound,
Would rouse each peasant from his sleep,
And wake each cottage round.

As surely as the midnight fell,
A clamor broke the still,
Which swept along the frozen fields
And echoed from the hill.

'Twas not the sound of joyful mirth,
'Twas not the voice of woe;
But it came at intervals and went,
As phantoms come and go.

As soon as darkness spread his wings,
And chased away the light,
The sound of many ringing blows,
Went echoing through the night.

But one went passing by the spot,
Before the break of day;
He saw the phantoms at their work,
In the moonlight dim and grey.

They delv'd around the cross-road grave,
In the moonlight grey and dim,
With ringing yell, with wailing moan,
With fell grimace and grim.

And when upon the death of night,
Another day had birth,
He came unto the cross-road grave,
And dug into the earth.

He dug into the earth and bore,
The suicide away;
And laid him in his mother's tomb,
Before the close of day.

And now the lonely cross-road grave,
The spot where he had died,
Is tenantless—the churchyard holds
The wretched SUICIDE.

Rebiews, Notices, &c.

HAROLD. The last of the Saxon Kings. An Historical Romance. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. London: Bentley.

The romance-reading public will read this elegant production of a very charming writer with unusual pleasure. Sir Edward has struck out into a path hitherto untrodden by romance-writers generally, and we must do him the justice to admit, that he has proved himself to be equally at home in this as in every other style of writing his fugitive fancy has hitherto fixed upon. The imagination of our author comes out in all its freshness, schooled by the polish with which he is wont to dash off the brilliant flashes of imagery with which his style abounds. HAROLD is a fine conception, replete with all the dignity and grandeur of the really poetic age in which he lived.

The characters throughout the romance are powerfully and truthfully drawn—as far as we of these degenerate days can judge; the proper keeping of the characters and scenes—and the general spirit of the age in which they were supposed to live, never for a moment being lost sight of, but kept up with an amount of vigour and truth to nature, which cannot fail

to add as much to the fame of the noble author as he could almost wish.

Whether in depicting the tenderness of the gentle Edith, or the dauntless valour of the brave Harold, Sir Edward's power is pointed and correct, even to minutiæ, which in some parts of his book he enters into with all the sobriety of a domesticated as well as a refined mind.

The faults in this work are perhaps as few as in any of Sir Edward Lytton's romances; and we are sorry that want of space prevents us from giving our readers a few samples of the style of this book, but may probably return to the subject in our next.

THE LORDS OF ELLINGHAM; a Drama. By HENRY SPICER, Esq. Author of "Honesty," "Judge Jeffries," etc. Bosworth, Regent Street.

MR. Spicer is already known to the dramatic world as the author of "Honesty," which, if we remember rightly, established his claims to be considered as a dramatic writer of some merit. "The Lords of Ellingham" does not detract from the fame of the author, but, on the contrary, serves to strengthen his position. The ground-work of the drama is derived from the event known in history as "Raleigh's conspiracy,"—a plot having for its object the advancement to the throne of the Lady Arabella Stuart (cousin-german to James I.) but so slight in its construction, and hopeless in its prospects, that, but for the celebrated name involved in its complicity, it might not have attracted even that slight notice since accorded by historians.

The play has many beautiful "points" about it which read well; and there are many passages strongly tinctured with poetical passion which enlist the interest and admiration of the reader in its favour. "The Lords of Ellingham," certainly, as a literary production, deserves an honourable place; and its success when represented at the Olympic Theatre proves that as an acting drama it occupies a prominent position on the stage.

THE MUSICAL BOUQUET. Parts XLVI. and XLVIII. Strange, Paternoster Row; and 192, High Holborn.

IT is really quite refreshing to see the spirit with which the publishers of the above elegantly-illustrated collection of the best and newest music, vocal and instrumental, produce this

cheap and invaluable work. The numbers before us contain the "Elfin Waltzes," by Labitzky; the "May Queen," by Dempster, words by Alfred Tennyson; "Wapping Old Stairs;" &c.; &c. "The Bouquet" is clearly printed, and embellished with beautiful and appropriate engravings on steel which are of themselves worth more than the price of the work. The thanks of the musical world, and indeed of the public at large, are due to the enterprising publishers of "The Musical Bouquet;" who, at an enormous amount of expense and labour, have produced an elegant and tasteful ornament for the drawing-room, which has the further recommendation—no small one in these times,—of being cheap.

The Theatres.

Sadler's Wells.—Miss Rainforth has commenced a short season at this theatre during the recess of Mr. Phelps' management, and has a good company of English vocalists for the performance of operas. The experiment was first made during the last year, and we presume that its success induced a second trial. The operas which have been produced this season are "Fra Diavolo," "La Sonnambula," "The Barber of Seville," "Norma," and "The Bohemian Girl." Of the first, the cast was good. Miss Rainforth sang with her accustomed taste, and made the trifling part of Zerlina interesting. Mr. H. Horncastle was amusing as my Lord Allcash; so was Miss Rebecca Isaacs as the Lady. Mr. Fraser has more spirit and a more powerful organ than Mr. Allen, the tenor of last year, but his intonation is uncertain, and his taste appears to have suffered considerably since we heard him at the large theatres. The parts of Giacomo and Beppo were well sustained by Messrs. Borroni and Leffler. The chorus went well; but the band, under the direction of Mr. Tully, wants subduing sadly,—it is far too loud for so small a house, and overpowers the voices. The *libretto* of this opera is unnecessarily broad in its allusions, and a friend to dramatic representations would wish, for the sake of decency, that some of the coarse absurdities put into my Lord Allcash's mouth were expunged: these speeches are calculated to injure the cause of the Drama in all well-regulated minds.

The same remarks apply, but not in the same degree,

to the silly speeches of Alessio, the foolish lover, in "La Sonnambula." Until some safeguard be found against double allusions, of such a nature that, in private society, any one indulging in them would be shown to the door very quickly,—until some assurance can be entered into, that the modesty of females is not to be assailed by the coarse ribaldry of an author or an actor, the stage will deservedly have a host of objections. This remark is intended as a general one upon the licentious tone too frequently adopted by dramatic caterers for the public, and is not pointed especially at the present performances at Sadler's Wells theatre. The difficult part of Amina was well sustained by Miss Rainforth. Mr. Fraser is rather a corpulent Elvino, and did not please us so well in that character as Mr. Allen, last year.

The musical farce of "The Quaker" was much applauded. Mr. Leffler, as the Quaker, was deservedly encored in his songs of "the lads of the village," and "verily, ah!"

"The Barber of Seville" was played from the English version principally, but more of the *maestro's* music was introduced than is usual: with the exception of the singing lesson, "an old man would be wooing," not one encore was called for. Mr. Fraser was in bad voice; Mr. Borroni rather a heavy Figaro, but, nevertheless sung "Largo al factotum" with much spirit. Mr. Leffler's Doctor Bartolo, a most amusing piece of acting, and his humour admirable, in the mock *amoroso* style of the old Italian opera. Upon the whole, the opera went rather heavily; but on a few succeeding evenings it became a great favourite, when compressed into two acts, and played as an after-piece.

"Norma" has also been produced with the same success as last year, and is quite as favourably received.

MARYLEBONE.—Mr. LOVE the Polyphonist has taken this theatre for his entertainments, which are highly amusing and supported with no little dramatic ability by Mr. Love, who carries the art of imitating sounds to a high point approaching perfection. The effects are carefully studied, and surprise the hearer. We do not consider Mr. Love as a ventriloquist so good as the celebrated Monsieur Alexandre, but supported by his humour and taste in acting, there is certainly no one at this time who can keep his audience in such good spirits as Mr. Love. Between the parts of Mr. Love's entertainment, Mr. Roberts, the Welsh Bard played several airs and marches on the harp.